

The Sketch

No. 846.—Vol. LXVI.

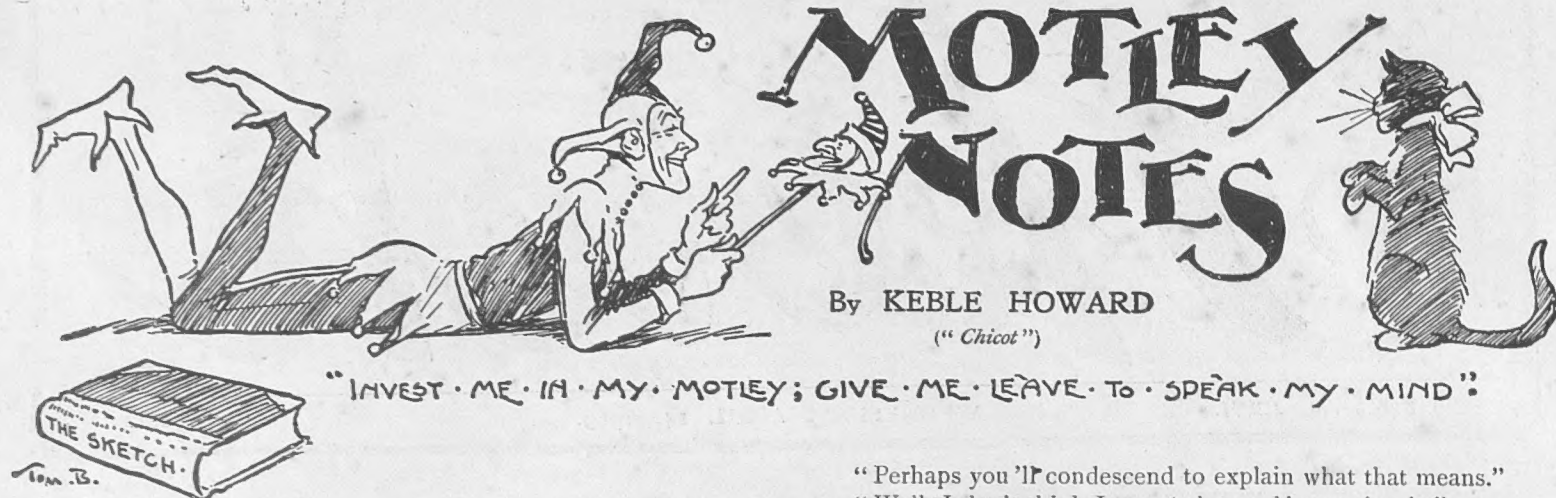
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



A CHEVALIER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR: Mlle. LOUISE ABBÉMA.

Mlle. Abbéma, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour and Officier du Mérite Agricole, was born at Étampes. She is well known as a painter of flowers, but does not confine herself to that work, a fact to which her large panels of Sarah Bernhardt in four of her famous rôles bear eloquent witness. She is a pupil of Chaplin, Henner, and Carolus-Duran.—[*Photograph by Manuel.*]



Introduces You to
Bobbins.

"What in the world are you doing?" I said. Bobbins jumped. I had discovered her sitting on a bench in one of the largest railway stations in London. In one hand she held a little leather-bound note-book; in the other, a carefully sharpened pencil. The station was crowded with people. Bobbins' blue eyes danced hither and thither, up and down, backwards and forwards. Every now and then she would write, very busily, in the little book.

"Hallo," she said. Her tone was casual. She was hoping that I hadn't noticed the jump. Bobbins prides herself, just now, on complete control of the nerves.

"Hallo," I replied, sitting down beside her on the bench. "What are you supposed to be doing?"

"I'm not *supposed* to be doing anything." Scribble, scribble, scribble went the important pencil.

"What *are* you doing, then?"

"Can't you see?"

"Yes, but I can't understand."

"Merely cultivating my power of observation."

"Oh!"

And Her
Method.

I waited a moment, and then went on, timidly, "What for?"

"Oh, for something I'm interested in."

"A play, perhaps?"

"Don't be inquisitive."

"Fancy!" I said humbly.

When Bobbins makes up her mind to do anything, she does it with tremendous thoroughness—for nearly a week. Her keenness, whilst the mood lasts, is simply staggering. Lesser matters—friends, relations, meals, sleep—go by the board. I am in constant terror of the day when she will become so engrossed in some new hobby that she will neglect her personal appearance.

"How many acts?" I ventured to ask presently.

"It isn't a play at all," snapped Bobbins. "If you want to know, it's a novel."

"I see. And you open with a scene at a big railway-station?"

She gave a contemptuous little snort.

"How terribly conventional you are! I should hope I could hit upon something a trifle more original than that!"

"I'm so sorry. I merely thought, seeing you here——"

A Lecture on
"Observation."

"That's precisely what you *would* think. It would never occur to you that a railway station is the best place to see a variety of types."

"About how many types would you be requiring, then, for your novel?"

"There's no necessity to talk like a shop-walker. I've no idea, yet, how many types I shall want. If it comes to that, I'm not studying particular types so much as humanity in the bulk. You have to do it, you know, before you can write a novel—that's to say, if it's to be a work of Art."

"I suppose you do. What a jolly good idea!"

She glanced at me sideways. "Haven't you ever done anything of the sort yourself?"

"Written a novel?"

"No! Studied humanity in the bulk."

I hesitated. "I can't remember," I said at last, "that I ever sat down to do it."

By KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot")

"Perhaps you'll condescend to explain what that means."
"Well, I don't think I ever 'observed' consciously."
"You've been accused of it."

The Impressionist
at Work.

"That's nothing. I've been accused of listening to conversations and reproducing them verbatim. Just as though anybody outside an asylum would attempt to——"

"You're wandering from the point," said Bobbins. "D'you mean to tell me that you don't watch people with a view to making use of them afterwards?"

"Certainly not!"—I spoke with considerable heat—"I hope I am not so ill-mannered."

"Then how d'you know what people are like?"

"I don't know."

"That's a startling confession."

"I mean, I don't know how I know what they're like."

"Well, I'll tell you. Because you observe. Whether you do it consciously or unconsciously is your own affair. For my part, I'm doing it consciously." She stared hard at an old gentleman buying a paper, screwing up her eyes the while. The result of this painful-looking process was duly recorded in the little book.

"What did you put down about him?" I whispered. I was really anxious to know.

"Oh, a few impressionist notes," she replied carelessly.

The
Time-Limit.

"Of course," I suggested, foolishly well-meaning, "you will be careful not to be too photographic?"

"It's really very good of you to concern yourself about the blemishes in my work, especially before I've committed them."

"Now, I'm afraid, you're angry."

"Not in the least. I'm merely amused by your tone of superiority. Why do you presume that I shall be 'too photographic,' as you call it?"

"It isn't what I call it. It's what the reviewers call it."

"I might have known that the expression was borrowed. But you haven't answered my question."

"Oh, only all those copious notes, you know. If you work them all into your novel, or even half of them——"

Bobbins laughed. She was genuinely delighted with my simplicity.

"You dear!" she cried. "These are merely the raw material. I shall boil them down and then skim them. The result, in turn, will be again boiled down, until nothing is left but the very essence. In that way, I hope to produce a work that shall be worthy to stand on the shelf by the side of——"

"Yes? Do go on! Don't stop!" I was getting quite excited.

"A work of some little merit," concluded Bobbins, disappointingly.

"You're much too modest," I assured her. "After all that skimming, and boiling, and skimming——"

"Oh!"—she interrupted me with a gesture half-impatient, half-eager—"you can tell me something I very much want to know."

"This is too much."

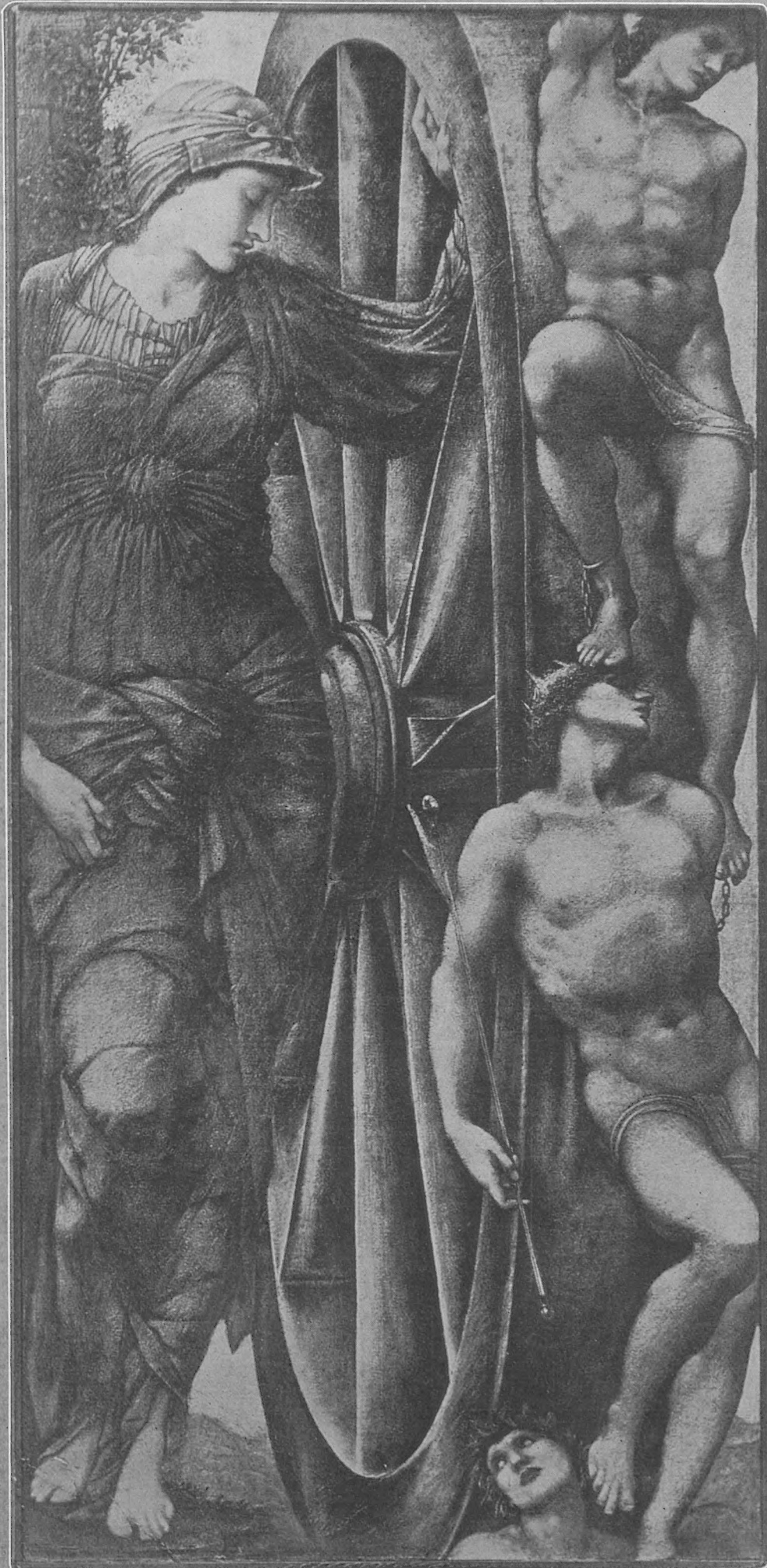
"What's about the usual length of a novel?"

"Eighty thousand words."

Dismayed? You don't even yet know Bobbins.

"Five thousand words a day—sixteen days. That will do nicely. I shall just get it finished before I—— Good-bye!" She hurried off.

MRS. LANGTRY AS FORTUNE: THE BURNE-JONES
FOR WHICH LADY DE BATHE SAT.

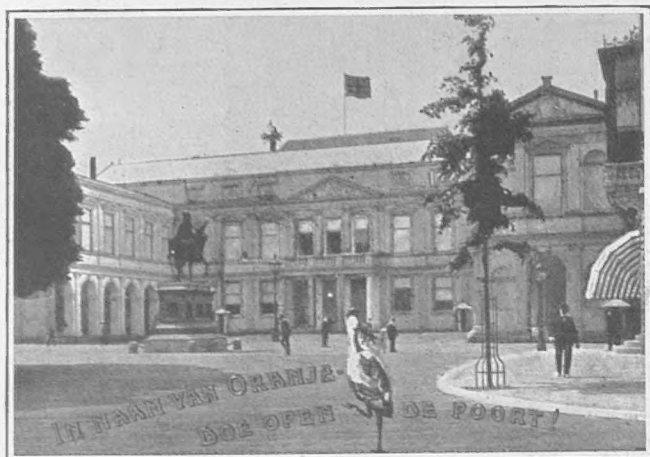


PURCHASED FOR AUSTRALIA, SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES' "THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE."

The trustees of the Felton Bequest have just purchased Burne-Jones' "The Wheel of Fortune" for the Victorian National Gallery of Art, Australia. The picture goes to the Colony from the fine collection at Bodlondob. Conway, from which it would not have been taken save to fulfil a national purpose. The beautiful Mrs. Lily Langtry, now Lady de Bathe, sat to the artist for the figure of Dame Fortune.—[Photograph by Jones.]

THE STORK — KING - MAKER ; QUEEN - DEPOSER.

POSTCARDS CONCERNED WITH THE "HAPPY EVENT" IN HOLLAND.



A STORK OUTSIDE THE PALACE, ITS MATE NESTING ON THE ROOF.



A CROWNED STORK, BEARING A BASKET, OUTSIDE THE PALACE.



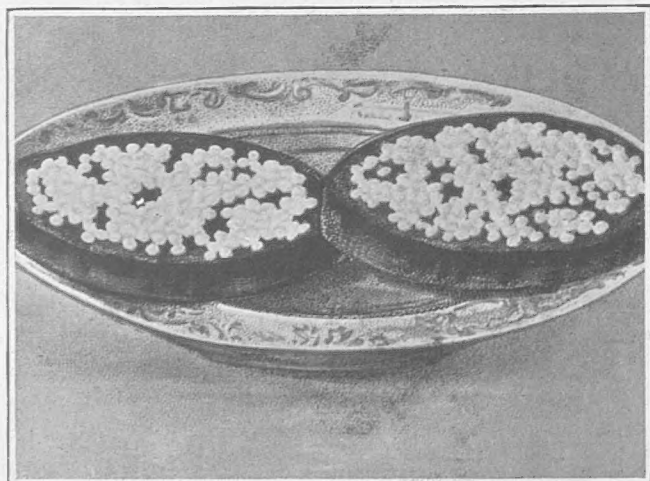
WILLIAM I. (THE SILENT), PRINCE OF ORANGE, AND THE BABY.



THE TREE OF THE HOUSE OF ORANGE—THE BABY AT THE TOP.



THE STORK TELEPHONING NEWS OF THE BABY.



BISCUITS WITH COMFITS—EATEN BY VISITORS AT THE TIME OF THE BIRTH OF A CHILD.

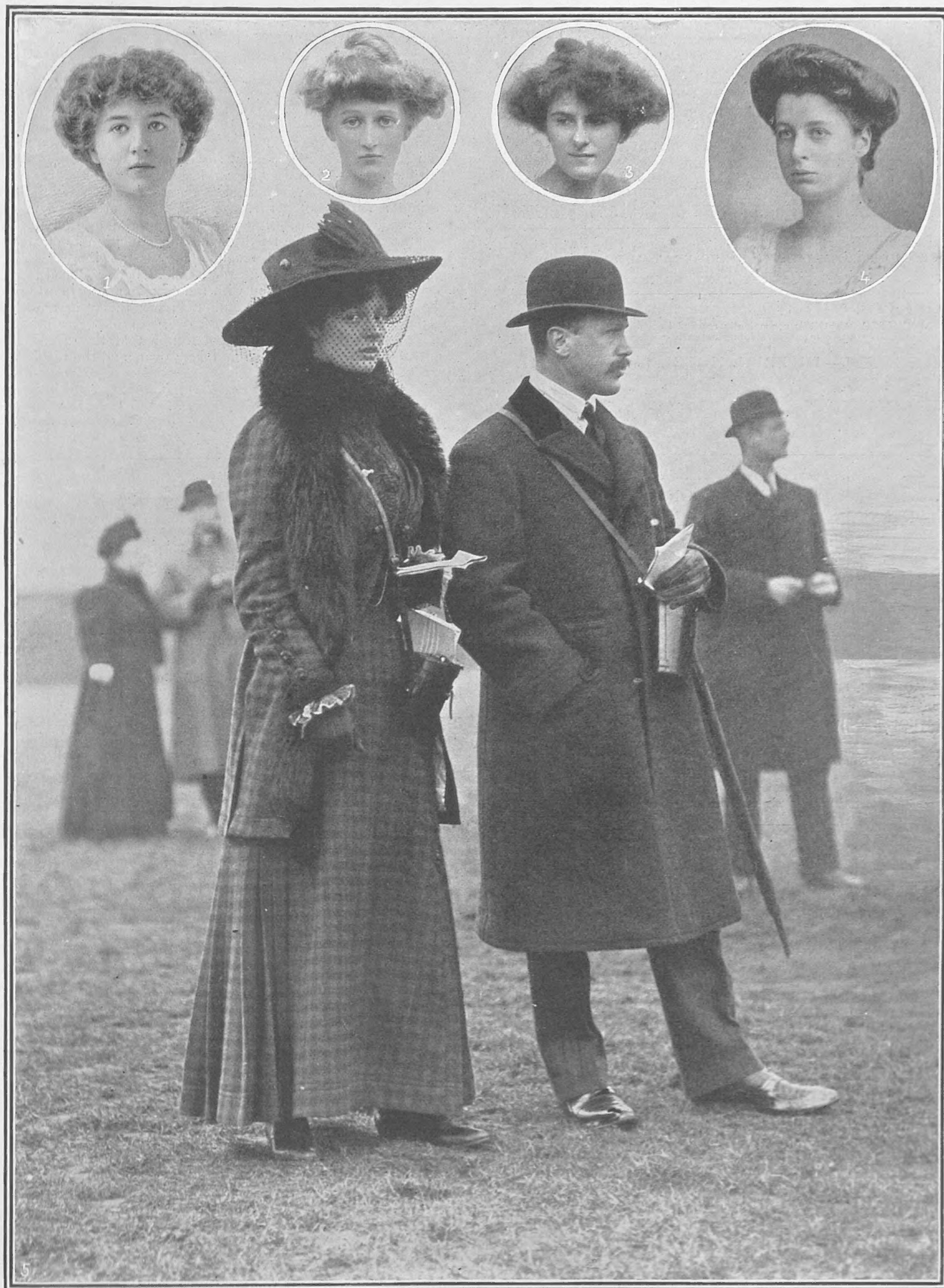


PRINCE OR PRINCESS, WHICH?—THE STORK BEARING ITS WELCOME BURDEN TO THE PALACE.

British babies are found under gooseberry-bushes, as we all know. In Holland the storks bring them; hence the many figures of storks on the postcards issued in connection with the happy event at the Dutch Court, which may have materialised by this time. Should a son be born to Queen Wilhelmina, her Majesty will retain her position only until the Prince is of age—that is, eighteen. Then he will become King, and the present Queen will become a dowager.—[Cards supplied by M. Courvee.]

THE PRIMROSE PATH OF MATRIMONY:

THE WEDDING OF LORD DALMENY.



1. LADY HELEN GROSVENOR,
AUNT OF THE BRIDE
(BRIDESMAID).

2. MISS ASHTON, DAUGHTER
OF LADY SCARBROUGH
(BRIDESMAID).

3. MISS RUBY LINDSAY, NIECE
OF THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND
(BRIDESMAID).

4. MISS MILLCENT GROSVENOR,
SISTER OF THE BRIDE
(BRIDESMAID).

5. THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM: MISS DOROTHY GROSVENOR, DAUGHTER OF LORD HENRY GROSVENOR, AND LORD DALMENY,
SON OF LORD ROSEBURY.

The wedding of Dorothy Alice Margaret Augusta, daughter of Lord Henry Grosvenor, uncle of the Duke of Westminster, and Albert Edward Harry Mayer Archibald Primrose, Lord Dalmeny, eldest son of Lord Rosebery, is to take place to-morrow, Thursday (15th). The bridesmaids will be Lady Helen Grosvenor, Miss Millicent Grosvenor, the Hon. Lilah White, Miss Ashton, Miss Bourne, and Miss Ruby Lindsay. The bride will be given away by her father. The Hon. Neil Primrose will act as his brother's best man.

Photograph 1 by Keturah Collings; 2, by Lallie Charles; 3, by Beresford; 4, by Downey; and 5, by Illustrations Bureau.

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SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch,"
and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the
Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or
detention of manuscripts, drawings, printings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and
address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and
drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

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of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the
East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

ANGLO-ARGENTINE TRAMWAYS.

AT the general meeting of the Anglo-Argentine Tramways
Company, held on the 7th inst. at Winchester House,
the chairman, Mr. J. B. Concanon, described the satisfactory
position of the company, and the successful start of a new scheme
by which several other tramway systems had been fused into one
with their own. The lines of the Grand National, La Capital, and
the Electric companies are being worked by the single amalgamated
company as from the 1st of this month. The Belgrano system
was taken over as from July 1, 1907, and those of the
Buenos Ayres Electric and the Belga-Argentine Companies as
from July 1, 1908, and the new services on these lines in connection
with the Anglo-Argentine began last October. Dealing with the
financial part of the report, the chairman said that the revenue
showed a surplus of £101,939; and, after various payments had
been made out of this, £12,839 remained to be carried forward for
the present year. The result of the amalgamation so far had been
that the combined total receipts showed an increase of 10.72
per cent., while the working expenses had been reduced from 57.09
to 55.46 per cent., compared with the corresponding quarter of 1907.
The net profit for January and February this year amounted to
£95,249, showing an increase of over £11,000, or 13 per cent.
A still further increase is anticipated now that the Grand National
and La Capital lines have been taken over, and the results for the
current year are expected to leave a sufficient balance to provide a
good dividend on Ordinary shares. The chairman considered that
nothing short of an earthquake (and Buenos Ayres was outside the
earthquake zone) could interfere with the prosperous future of the
Anglo-Argentine Tramways.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

EVELEIGH NASH.
Fresh Leaves and Green Pastures. By
the Author of "Leaves from a Life."
7s. net.
Envious Eliza. E. Maria Albanesi. 6s.
The Mantle of Ishmael. J. S. Fletcher.
6s.
The Modelling of the Clay. M. Urquhart.
6s.
When a Woman Woos. Charles Marriott.
6s.
One Never Knows. F. C. Phillips. 6s.

MILLS AND BOON.
For Church and Chieftain. May Wynne.
6s.
Rendezvous to Caesar. Mrs. Vere Campbell.
6s.

J. NISBET.
Life of Canon Fleming. Rev. Arthur R. M.
Finlayson. 6s. net.

CHATTO AND WINDUS.
The Road of No Return. A. C. Inchbold
6s.

HORACE COX.
The "Queen" Newspaper Book of
Travel, 1909. 2s. 6d. net.

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL.
Hyde Park. Ex-Sergeant Edward Owen.
7s.

LAWRENCE AND JELICOE.
The Dog World and the Anti-Cat
Review. Walter Emanuel. 7s. net.

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The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under
Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said
Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the
same risk.

April 14, 1909.

Signature.....

BRUMMELL

IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

Bee in Brighton.

South-east wind, b'Jove, what? There are, mind you, two sorts of south-east wind—the south-east wind and the

old inland and be preserved at Brighton. That seems to be the ticket, what? Brighton air seems to fix people like the stuff out of odd-

Brighton south-east wind. Against the first the careful guard by wearing wool—good Lord!—next the skin and mufflers—again good Lord!—round the neck, club-colour mufflers, too; do you know the things? They're worn by University men and shoppees—a bad habit that calls for legislation—and against the second you can't guard anyhow. From all of which, bein' above the average intelligent—I mean you read me—you will have discovered that dear old Bee is in Brighton after all. Such, as tub-thumpers, parsons, politicians, cheap-jacks, and other talkers say, is the case, d'y'see. The poisonous person whose ties very nearly give me nettlerash, and so kept me away and sent me to Eastbourne, went racin'. He would. And as the Mayor and Corporation of Eastbourne had decided to say bitter things to me next time they spotted me on the front, I executed what is Pall Mallishly known as a skip, and booked sittin', bed, and bath rooms, and here I am. What?

On Air and Old Age.

And, after all, although I have been known to say darin' and peppery things about old Brighton and Hove, Shoreham and the Devil's Dyke, Rottin'dean and Aldrington, Colonels and dachshunds, the New Club and the West Pier, the Hove matron and the crammer's pup, b'Jove and b'George, Brighton takes a precious lot of beatin'. It is difficult to say why, unless one possesses the pen of the ready writer, and, like some dashed fortunate men, can knock off a column about a book one hasn't read or a play one has slept through, in the expert, professional, tuppence-a-line way that makes English journalism what it is. But I can't do this, thank the Lord. I can only say abruptly that I think it's the air. What? And there is no doubt about the Brighton air. You get it off the sea, round the beautiful statue of her late beloved Majesty; it bowls down the front from Rottin'dean, and swirls down upon you from every turnin', all at once. At one time, not many centuries ago, I knew Brighton backwards—front and backwards, so to speak. And comin' back to it, I notice this—I notice that old people are still older, but look merely old. That's the air. Young people show the finger-marks of that old rotter Time, and grow and put up hair and develop sockitis—the prevailin' disease—but old people, the really old people, remain perennially the same. So do their old dogs. It's quite charmin' to crawl along in the mornin' on the south side of the Hove lawns and pass, one after the other, dear old men lookin' just exactly as they did when one passed them last, the Lord knows how many years ago. I say it's the air. Grow

coloured bottles that photographers use. When I arrive at the gallant and creaky age of sixty-eight, as I intend to do—I find life intensely interestin'—I shall have my bits put into cases, buy or pinch a house in Hove, and settle down to spend another hefty series of years—say twenty—up and down the sea-wall, complainin' about the notorious Brighton and Hove Councils—in- evitable topics of bright conversation—makin' eyes at the twos and twosers as they pitter-pitter to and fro in brown stockin's; exercisin' a small and peculiarly knowin' dog; playin' a liverish game of bridge, and havin' my hair, beautiful white hair, cut twice a month as I sit up in bed and read the silly-ass things that are said in the House and reported fully in the *Mornin' Post*.

On Hotels, and Those Who Turn Up.

The hotel I honour remains one of the most cheery, comfortable, and best done hotels I know, and is every bit as amusin' on Sunday. I really put in a gorgeous time last Sunday watchin', wide-eyed, the amazin' creatures, male, or presumably male, and female, obviously female, who turned up. Where they dig themselves out of I couldn't presume to guess. One recognises Gaiety, of course, by the bizarre headgear, the proud and haughty stare, and the man in the Brigade of Guards tie. One recognises Thread-needle Street by that organ which never changes, although the Biblical name is Scottished; and what is deliciously called the regular stage goes out of its way to be recognised, willy-nilly. This odd, curious, and frightfully funny crowd no longer comes down by Pullman. Oh, bless you, no. By car, if you please. By enormous car—hired for the day, and the more noise and stink it makes, the better it serves its purpose as a sort of preliminary puff. The leadin' lady and the financier arrive together by a well-arranged accident, the leadin' lady fresh from triumphantly killin' the piece in which she has been starred, as the present-day leadin' lady always does, bless her. They all lunch, enormously, with many brilliant smiles, and all retire to the glass house to smoke, drink coffee, and tell each other what a very mixed crowd it is, to be sure. They're a doocid simple, easily pleased set—this theatrical-financial-subaltern set. What? All they care about is lookin' conspicuous, eatin' as much as nature will permit, and coverin' ground as quickly as machinery and police-traps will allow. Nowhere on earth are they to be seen to such absolute advantage as at Brighton on the Day of Rest. Do you follow me?



THE PROHIBITED POSTER OF A MUSICAL PLAY.

This poster was designed to advertise a new musical play called "The Girl from Rector's" (a restaurant in New York), which was produced for the first time at Trenton, New Jersey. This poster was promptly suppressed by the police of Trenton. "The Girl from Rector's" is now being given at Webber's Theatre, New York, and is a great success.



THE CLUBMAN



The Khaki Fleet.

Poor old Father Thames! He does not seem able to support even the baby flotilla that the County Council put on his broad back, and some of the khaki boats are to be sold by private contract and some by public auction. Probably some of them may find their way to strange waters, and it is quite possible that some of the great waterways of Central Africa may see the last days of the steamers which ought to ply between Greenwich and Battersea. It is difficult to find any good reason why the Londoners, who used in the days when jolly young watermen were much in evidence, to be such river-going folk, should now resolutely turn their backs on the Thames. I daresay our eccentric climate and the dirtiness of the river have both much to answer for in the establishment of this boycott, for I have never been on a Thames boat below Westminster without looking at the

dirty water veined with mud and thinking what a horrible river this must be to fall into. The last trip I made on one of the khaki fleet was down to Greenwich on a day which was quite fine on land, but on the river a cold wind was blowing, which drove me to take shelter behind the smoke-stack.

The Mouches.

When I go on a *mouche* in Paris from the bridge by the Place Concorde to the landing-place hard by Longchamps (a very pleasant and leisurely way of getting to the racecourse), my feeling on a hot summer's day is, "How pleasant it would be to go overboard into the blue, cold river and to have a swim." The banks of the Seine in and near Paris have interesting scenery and fine buildings along their whole length, whereas all the beauties of the Lower Thames are concentrated into the reaches from Chelsea to the Tower. Where the Thames is continuously beautiful, the passenger-boats must pay, for

the big launches which in summer make the journey from Oxford down to the outskirts of London seem always to have their full complement of passengers. I am afraid that the neglect of the Thames near London must be chiefly attributed to its ugliness, to its unlovely banks of mud, and its ungraceful barges. The little *mouches* run merrily backwards and forwards on the Seine, with passengers weighing the frail boats down to the water's edge; at Vienna there always seem to be steam-boats leaving the Stéphanie Bridge for Nussdorf and Kahlenbergerdorf; and at Buda-Pesth little steamers run up and down the river to and from the great playground of the Margarethen Island every half-hour. But the Seine is light blue, and the Danube is dark blue. The Thames is no more the silver river that Herrick longed for in his dull parish in the West-country, but is little better than liquid mud.

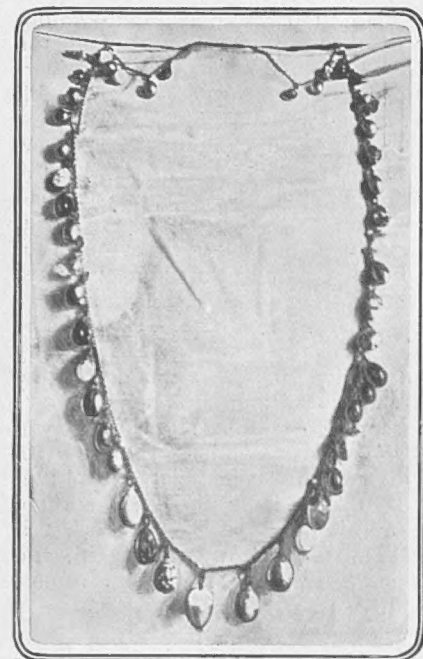
The Star and Garter.

And the most celebrated hotel of all to be found by the riverside has fallen on evil days, like the poor khaki fleet. In a big unused series of apartments under the ball-room at the Star and Garter there used to be, and probably are still, relics of its mid-Victorian

splendour—the flag-poles and the skeletons of set-pieces for fireworks, mildewed masses of striped canvas, and dimmed mirrors stacked one against the other. A drive down from town and a champagne lunch at the Star and Garter formed one of the festivities of the swells and dandies, just as a fish dinner at the Ship at Greenwich was another. Both are now things of the past. The Ship dinners died a natural death, for the proprietor never advertised in any railway-guide or newspaper, and no man was willing to risk a journey to dine at Greenwich with the possibility of finding the tavern which he proposed to patronise closed. Tramway-lines and motor-cars have temporarily defeated the Star and Garter, as they are defeating many another good hostelry near London.

"Those Beastly Tram-lines."

The lady or man who has a good carriage and a valuable pair of horses looks on the tramlines which seam most of the roads running out of London as veritable inventions of the devil; they catch the wheels and give them dislocating jerks, and a horse may well slip upon the polished steel. Therefore a drive south or east or west to any of the surroundings of London is hardly a pleasure. To the folk who travel in motors, so short a distance as eight or ten miles is but the first step in a day's outing, and therefore, while some of the derelict old coaching-inns long distances out from London on the main roads have come to life again, thanks to the far-going capabilities of the powerful



THE MOST COSTLY "EASTER EGGS" IN THE WORLD: A NECKLACE PRESENTED TO THE CROWN PRINCESS OF GERMANY.

This necklace, given to the Crown Princess of Germany one Easter time, is composed of egg-shaped stones of great value.—[Photograph by Topical.]

motors, the inns and hotels and taverns near London only see these leviathans rushing past in a cloud of dust. The railways still remain; but the trouble of driving to a station to catch a train, and the irksomeness of a drive in a fly at the other end of the journey are sufficient to deter a sybarite from making the experiment.

Hampton Court.

Richmond is served by competing lines, and therefore has quite a good train service, but some of the other riverside towns are not quite so fortunate. The trains take over three-quarters of an hour, for instance, to cover the fifteen miles to Hampton Court. This is a partial explanation of the fact that comparatively few people on all days except Saturdays go down to the most English and most stately of all the palaces. The trams, in the height of summer, bring down

on Saturdays crowds of the humbler sightseers; but early in the season, however beautiful the weather may be, not even on a Saturday are the grounds peopled with visitors.



MEDIAEVAL METHODS IN MONTENEGRO: A FAMILY GATHERED ROUND A PROFESSIONAL SCRIBE.

The many Montenegrin peasants who can neither read nor write employ the services of a professional scribe and letter-reader, who takes up his position, as a rule, in the market-place. Our photograph shows a family clustering round the scribe while he reads a letter to them.

A HALF-AN-HOUR STANDING PART IN GRAND OPERA.



THE ONLY WOMAN IN MASSENET'S "LE JONGLEUR DE NOTRE DAME":

MISS CHARLOTTE ENGEL AS THE MADONNA.

Miss Charlotte Engel is here shown as the Madonna in "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," as produced at the Manhattan Opera House, New York. The actress playing the Madonna neither speaks nor sings during the performance, and her only action is to spread out her arms once. The part, nevertheless, is exceedingly trying, as the actress must stand absolutely still for nearly half an hour. Our correspondent tells us that for playing this part Miss Engel received five dollars (£1 0s. 10d.) a performance.

SMALL TALK



MISS HAMILTON FLETCHER, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. WINGFIELD DIGBY TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY).

Photograph by J. Weston and Son.

Duke of Sutherland, who has himself—in a phrase that hardly sounds as comfortable as the reality—"put things straight" during a recent visit to his Shropshire seat for the young couple. May there be primroses, primroses all the way for the temporary Shropshire lad—and his lass.

The Lightning Conductor.

Has Mr. Winston Churchill forgotten his clean pair of heels? From captivity among the Boers he fled with a rapidity that outdid the bullets sent after him, and to board a train was no more difficult for him then than it is for a conductor—not of the colonies, but of a 'bus—to board his Vanguard. And yet Mr. Churchill is down to dine at Frascati's on the 26th—when Miss Christabel Pankhurst is also to be a guest at the same table. What will be the fruits of that meal? Already Lady Constance Lytton's example has led other members of her family to give signs of their approval of the women's cause, and the Hon. Neville Lytton has been taking the chair, and tea, at a semi-private meeting of the ladies who are still, apparently, criminals in the eyes of the magistrates. Perhaps Mr. Churchill should be reminded that even Mr. Max Beerbohm fell to making pretty speeches of Christabel after meeting her. When Mr. Churchill does likewise in the House, the case will be very hard, for it cannot be expected that the lady will get in in time to hear him.

Falling to Hounds. The deplorable accident to Viscountess Crichton in the hunting-field came at the close of a season that has been particularly full of mishaps. More than one death has resulted, and serious accidents have been of frequent occurrence. Fortunately, the injury sustained by the Duchess of Beaufort while following her husband's hounds has not proved as serious as many of her friends feared might be the case, in spite of the Duchess's courage at the time. Lord Huntingdon, Lord Lawrence, Sir Robert Filmer, and many more have experienced nasty falls, and once more it is proved that it is not the inexpert rider who is most likely to suffer. Viscountess Crichton has always been regarded as one of the best horsewomen in England.

"Brookeland." Her Highness the Ranee of Sarawak's visit to the Princess of Monaco at Claridge's gives her, for the

LORD and Lady Dalmeny will travel to-morrow from 13, Belgrave Square—lent for the reception by Lady Beauchamp, who is the bride's cousin—to Lilleshall House, two and a half miles from Newport, in Shropshire. Lilleshall is the loan of another relative, the

time being, a more prosaic address than those at which the postmen of several nations have had to seek her. And is she not particularly fortunate in her habitations and their names? Chesterton House, Cirencester, suggests, and not inaptly, red-brick and wallflowers; Villa



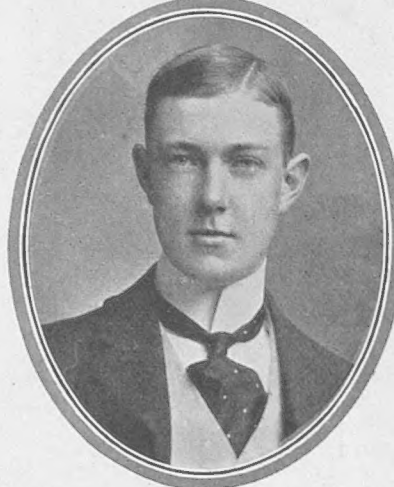
MR. WINGFIELD DIGBY, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS HAMILTON FLETCHER TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY).

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



MISS MARGERY NOËL FIELDEN AND SIR CHARLES LOWTHER, BART., WHOSE WEDDING IS TO TAKE PLACE TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY).

Photographs by Keturah Collings and Lafayette.



Raffo, near Genoa, olive-trees and the blue of the Mediterranean; and the Palace, Sarawak, Borneo, an untold difference of scene. But a London hotel has advantages; Rajah Brooke may relish expeditions into the far interior of Borneo to punish head-hunters, but Ranee Brooke is content to exchange "Brookeland" for Brook Street.

Lincoln Brides and Maids. To-morrow Lady Mabel Foljambe,

half-sister of Lord Liverpool, is to be married to Dr. Woodburn, and the ceremony takes place in the little parish church of Skellingthorpe. Mabelthorpe, another of the large Thorpe family of Lincolnshire towns, would have had its own appropriateness, but there are good reasons why Skellingthorpe is favoured. It was at Mabelthorpe that Tennyson fell in love with the North Sea, and it is there, as the fishermen said, that "the Lincoln foalk weses their bodies i' the waaves"; and in just such another church as that of to-morrow's ceremony the young poet, giving his arm to the bridesmaid at his brother's wedding, discovered that he was himself in love. That bridesmaid was the bride at the Laureate's wedding many years later. May some such romance befall to-morrow. Another marriage in the family is that of Captain Gerald Foljambe and Miss Constance Holden.



LADY MABEL FOLJAMBE, Half-Sister of Lord Liverpool, whose Marriage to Dr. William Woodburn is to take place to-morrow (Thursday).

Photograph by Lafayette.

Lord Lucas to the Fore.

has literally sprung into fame in Trafalgar Square. He has not put the sooty lions to blush by oratorical indiscretions, but merely carried his magnificent Van Dycks to the National Gallery. They dominate the whole collection, and Lord Lucas's friends and the friends of the family of his mother, who was the daughter of the sixth Earl Cowper, have trooped there in their wake. The fact is that Lord Lucas has not very adequate wall-space of his own, and certainly these portraits would be thrown away at Picket Post, his house at Ringwood, in the New Forest. Lord Lucas holds a title that may be regarded as no less interesting than his pictures; genealogists gallantly declare they consider the Lucas barony as particularly worthy of study on account of the frequent changes in the names of the holders of the title, due to the descent of the barony in the female line.



LADY ROSEMARY CAIRNS AND MR. WYNDHAM PORTAL, WHOSE MARRIAGE TAKES PLACE WITHIN THE NEXT FEW DAYS.

Photographs by Lallie Charles and Lafayette.



THE CHULALONGKORN TOP-KNOT: SIRENS OF SIAM.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



1. DRESSED TO KILL: A YOUNG SIAMESE WOMAN IN WALKING-COSTUME.

2. IN THE DIRECTOIRE STYLE: A SIAMESE BEAUTY.

3. ON A GREAT OCCASION: A SIAMESE GIRL
IN GALA DRESS.

It will be seen that eccentricity of fashion is not confined to the ladies of Europe in general, and of Paris in particular. The Siamese girl knows as well as anyone how to attract attention by dress.

CROWNS·CORONETS· COURTIERS



BARONESS HERRIES (DUCHESS OF NORFOLK).

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

might well complain how barren that honour is. Strange to say, no Peeress in her own right has an official seat in the House of Lords. Her Peerage carries no right to vote; should she be guilty of a crime she would be judged by her Peers, but not by her fellow-Peeresses; and in the matter of inheriting her title her son passes before her daughter.

The Wives of Great Commoners.

The late Sovereign was fond of honouring those of her subjects whom she considered great Commoners by making their wives peeresses. This pleasant fate befell Mrs. Disraeli, who, as Lady Beaconsfield, bore that famous title long before her husband. Then, still living, a venerable and remarkable figure in the great world, is Viscountess Hambleden, so long the beloved helpmate of that true and faithful servant of his country,

TO be a Peeress in her own right is perhaps the highest honour which can befall a woman of British birth; and yet, taking a leaf out of the book of the Suffragettes, the distinguished ladies who have that high honour

WITHOUT SEATS IN THE LORDS! PEERESSES IN THEIR OWN RIGHT.



BARONESS D'ARCY DE KNAYTH (COUNTESS OF POWIS).

After the Picture by Ellis Roberts.

well as her husband's title.

From Father to Daughter.

Many a modern Peeress in her own right has inherited her title directly from her own father, himself first holder of the title. This is the case with the latest addition to the group, Lady Burton. There is a similar special remainder in the case of both the Roberts and the Wolseley peerages in favour of the eldest daughter. The Hon. Mrs. Baillie inherited by special remainder the title conferred on the head of the house of Bass. Lady Amherst of Hackney, another Peeress of 1909, is also the second holder of the title.



BARONESS AMHERST OF HACKNEY (MARY ROTHER MARGARET CECIL).

Photograph by Lafayette.

Some Ancient Baronies.

Some very ancient baronies are held by women—oldest of all being that of De Ros; while Lady Clifton of Leighton Bromswold and Lady Gray—the one a child, the other the mother of grown-up children—are interesting figures in the group of Peeresses in their own right.

The New Cock o' the North.

Lieutenant-General Sir Bruce Hamilton, who is to take over the Command-in-Chief of the Scottish



BARONESS MACDONALD OF EARNSCLIFFE (SUSAN AGNES MACDONALD).

Photograph by Lafayette.

the late Mr. W. H. Smith. Mrs. Gladstone, as most people are aware, refused a peerage. Lady Macdonald of Earncliffe, like Mrs. W. H. Smith, received the title that would have been conferred on her husband had it not been for his dramatically sudden death at Windsor. Sir John Macdonald is still revered in the Dominion as perhaps the greatest of Canadian statesmen.

Merging their High Dignity.

Certain peeresses in their own right have merged their dignity by wedding peers. An interesting case in point is the young Duchess of Norfolk, who, if she were unmarried or wedded to a commoner, would be known as Baroness Herries. It is probable that her second son—should little Lord Arundel have a brother—will inherit this grand old Scottish title. Such was the arrangement made in the case of the late Duchess of Sutherland, whose second son became Lord Cromartie, an earldom now once again borne by a lady. The Countesses of Yarborough and Powis have also merged ancient peerages for the time being into other dignities, but in such cases the double peeress always signs her own as



BARONESS BEAUMONT (MONA JOSEPHINE TEMPEST STAPLETON); WITH THE HON. IVY MARY STAPLETON.

Photograph by Eynd Collings.



BARONESS FAUCONBERG AND CONYERS (COUNTESS OF YARBOROUGH).

After the Picture by Ellis Roberts.



BARONESS DORCHESTER (HENRIETTA ANNE CARLETON).

Photograph by Baker.

Forces, has had an eventful career in the Army. He was present during the action at Ingogo River, where torrents of rain, and darkness, and mud, and a swollen stream made for confusion. Only Pomeroy-Colley seemed undismayed: "It is wonderful," wrote Hamilton, "to see how he gets through everything." Sir Bruce that day warned his chief that he would be shot if he did not sit down, and Colley replied, "Oh, no, I shan't," with such supreme confidence that Hamilton thought so too. That was the least remarkable of Pomeroy-Colley's presentiments, for at Majuba he was equally sure that he would be killed. And it is to his foreboding of evil that the new Commander-in-Chief in Scotland owes his life. The day before the engagement Pomeroy-Colley wrote bidding his wife farewell: "Remember, darling one, that there are many who love you, and to whom you can still be a source of happiness," he had said. Then, pausing before the tent where Bruce Hamilton was sleeping after a hard day in the saddle, he said, "I don't mean to take him with me. If anything were to happen to him it would kill his sister. Let no noise be made near his tent." That sister was the wife to whom the ill-fated General had just written.

WITHOUT SEATS IN THE LORDS! PEERESSES IN THEIR OWN RIGHT.



1. BARONESS DE ROS (MARY FRANCES DAWSON)—
PREMIER BARONY OF ENGLAND.

2. VISCOUNTESS HAMBLEDEN (EMILY
SMITH).

3. BARONESS BURTON (NELLIE LISA BAILLIE).

4. BARONESS GRAY (EVELEEN SMITH-
GRAY).

5. BARONESS CLIFTON OF LEIGHTON BROMS-
WOLD (ELIZABETH ADELINE MARY BLIGH).

6. THE COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE (SIBELL
LILIAN BLUNT-MACKENZIE).

Despite the energy of the Suffragettes, we have not yet heard of a Peeress in her own right claiming a seat in the House of Lords that she may assist those in Another Place to make—or break—the laws the Commons propose. Possibly such a claim will be made in the future. Certainly, the Peeresses in their own right have plenty of ability amongst them. At present their honours do not carry a vote; indeed, did such a Peeress claim to be judged by her Peers, she would be judged by the Peers, not the Peeresses.

(See Opposite Page.) Photographs 1 by Harrison; 2, by Russell; 3, by Thomson; 4, by Vandyk; 5, by Esme Collings; and 6, by H. Walter Barnett.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (Monocle)

Bevis and the Brewer's Daughter.

Mr. Hubert Henry Davies seems determined to have a little niche all to himself in the current drama. His pieces become slighter and slighter, and "Bevis" is perhaps the slightest play that ever had the slightest chance of success on the English stage. Probably the Haymarket piece will have a long run; some have prophesied this, and I have no doubt that many people will enjoy it greatly. There was a time when the critical or hypercritical with mild scorn used the phrase, "tea-cup and saucer," concerning the Robertson comedies; but "Caste," "School," "Ours," and the others were quite full-blooded drama compared with "Bevis," to which I humbly venture to apply the term, "storm-in-a-thimble" play. However, "Bevis" is very interesting to the critic, who watches such plouless pieces as if they were performances of a juggler with balls, and wonders all the time how the author is going to "keep it up," or, to take a famous phrase concerning an adventure of Mr. Pickwick, how he is going to keep the pot a-boiling. In the new work, Mr. Davies does not keep it up—does not keep the pot a-boiling: at the close of each act he deliberately collects the balls or takes the pot off the hob. At the end of the first the heroine breaks off the engagement, and nobody could guess how the play was going to be started again. At the end of the second, the hero refuses her hand, and there is nothing to indicate what is likely to follow. The author begins the third with rather less dexterity than is shown in the earlier part, and brings the young people together; and simple-minded people think that the play ends prettily, and the sophisticated are quite sorry for the heroine, doomed to an unhappy union, for she is rather an agreeable creature, though not what a purist would call a nice girl.

My complaint about the piece, if any, concerns Mrs. Pym and her suitor. The humours of them are much too farcical for a tranquilly cynical comedy. They suggested to me the introduction of a cornet-à-piston into a string quartet, or of a patch of pillar-box vermilion into one of Mr. Calderon's subdued pictures, or a chapter of Hall Caine in a novel by Walter Pater. And I think that Miss Lottie Venne was over-generous in her comicalities. Indeed, nobody in the company could stand up against her. There was poor Mr. C. M. Lowne, nowadays one of our best dry comedians—though it does not seem very long since he was playing juvenile lead quite excellently with Toole. He could not be expected to be so obviously comical as the widow to whom he was supposed to be engaged, and consequently his work appeared to be a little thin. Of course, I am not blaming such a popular player as Miss Lottie Venne, who never fails to earn laughter. I assume that she represented the part according to the ideas of the author. Still, how could Mr. C. V. France, as Mr. Hopkins, the millionaire brewer, hold his own against her, seeing that the humour in his part and performance lay in the fact that there was nothing in them to suggest the common stage idea of a wealthy beer-manufacturer; wherefore, when he had a comic scene with Miss Lottie Venne he

was mere drab against purple. Now Mr. France is one of our ablest actors, and has some superb work to his credit. Really, the thing is pushed a little too far; the respectable intrigue between Mrs. Pym and her suitor in itself is rather extravagant and not very amusing, and when we had her exhibiting heavily burlesque tragedy terrors during the second act the scheme of the piece seemed to vanish.

It is said, perhaps untruly, that the play has been written round Mr. A. E. Matthews. Certainly it fitted him, or he fitted it, perfectly. In substance "Bevis" is a vastly amusing person, like Eustace Jackson in Mr. St. John Hankin's delightful comedy, "The Prodigal's Return," but a little bit less of a "rotter": somehow, memory suggests to me, perhaps incorrectly, that Mr. Matthews rarely plays a part in which he is not referred to by himself or the other characters as a "rotter." This sounds rather rude, but really is said without prejudice; and I have no doubt that he is quite a charming young gentleman, as well as a hard-working and deservedly successful actor, with shoulders quite broad enough to bear the burden of the play. I expect that he is the Hawtrey of the future—rather a gloomy phrase, since, as far as I can see, our Charlie will never grow old, and bears his fifty summers as if they were merely a row of pins. Mr. Matthews gives a perfect picture of Bevis, the irresponsible, indolent aristocrat, whose fighting instinct, or sporting sense, is awakened when he, the youthful Marquess, is flouted by the daughter of a brewer, who is not even a member of the House of Lords. What a pitiful lover he makes, kissing his sweetheart with a kind of awkward curiosity, like a girl tasting a new lollipop, and hugging her as frenziedly as if he were afraid there were some loose pins sticking out of her dress. Yet this was all in the character, and perfectly done and quite amusing.

The girl was agreeably rendered by Miss Madge Titheradge, though I hardly think that she gave the idea of possessing as much force of character as she exhibited in the first act or as little as she showed in the third. Some of the best acting was that of Miss Henrietta Watson, as the mother of the Marquess; her performance was full of incisive humour and remarkably neat in workmanship. Of course, one does not imagine that in real life she would have haggled crudely about settlements, including a bit for herself, the first time she met the brewer; Mr. Davies is responsible for this. Her quiet horror in the second act at meeting the "Vulgarians" after

the match is broken off was finely represented. Indeed, it was a pity that her gifts could not have been used a little more in the last act. By the way, a small change in the stage-management is needed in this act. It is more than difficult to believe that Mrs. Pym and Lord Herbert Penrose would have talked for a quarter of an hour before noticing the hat and coat of Bevis lying within a couple of yards of them; and did they and Miss Rachel Hopkins think he had gone bathing in his trousers and shirt?



"THE DEVIL," AT THE ADELPHI: MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE, WHO IS PLAYING HÉLÈNE VAILLANT.

There is considerable interest evinced in next Saturday's production at the Adelphi, Mr. Henry Hamilton's adaptation of Mr. Franz Molnar's drama, "The Devil." Mr. Hamilton's version represents the third English version. Two adaptations of the play were produced last year in America. Curiously enough, Miss Carlisle was playing in America at the time of these presentations. Mr. Molnar is thirty-five, editor of the Buda-Pesth "Daily Journal," and a writer on matters sociological and political. "The Devil" was first presented in Buda-Pesth in April 1907, and in the following autumn was given in Vienna. Since that time it has been played, as we have noted, in America, in Berlin, Rome, Florence, and about a dozen other important Continental cities.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

SUFFERING, POSSIBLY ; SUFFRAGE, CERTAINLY NOT.



THE INTERRUPTED MUSICIAN : It ain't no use makin' a song about it. You'll never get no vote. .

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

A Case for Counsel.

Attention having been drawn to the immense amount of work at the Bar enjoyed by Mr. Rufus Isaacs and Sir Edward Carson, ordinary men are driven to wonder how on earth these two giants manage to get through their labours, seeing that they both have to give up considerable time to Parliament. Theirs is pretty much the hurricane existence that Lord Russell of Killowen led. What with the courts, work in chambers, Parliament, and public meetings, he had enough on hand for half-a-dozen men. Yet he found leisure for recreation, thought of which came to him when he was far from Newmarket or Epsom. One morning he had five big cases in as many courts, each first in the list, subject to a part-heard



PART OF THE DOG'S HEAD (ENLARGED): FRONT VIEW.

case. He waited in his robes, to be called to the court in which he might be first required. The call was delayed, but as he had already mastered his briefs, he dallied with a card, upon which he wrote from time to time. A junior suggested that he might take the opportunity of writing some opinions which were pressing. He declined to do this at the moment, and went on with his card. Asked at last what he was doing, he admitted that he was trying to make out a list of the four best horses that ever existed, for a prize offered in a sporting paper.

The Bed-Rock of the Church. That little scene brings to mind another, in a different atmosphere. A solemn congress was in progress at Lambeth Palace, under the presidency of Archbishop Benson. His colleagues watched with interest as he wrote, carefully folded, and sent out of the chamber a note which they deemed to be of world-shaking importance. The Primate's biographer has transcribed that note for the benefit of posterity. It referred to packing arrangements for a holiday trip, and was addressed to Mrs. Benson. Thus it ran—

Razors

Right-hand drawer
Looking-glass table
Dressing-room.

Please pack tight and bring in shabby old case.

N.B.—They'll slip out at the ends unless guarded.

And there is a precious chip of ivory under one of the razors, on the undisturbed position of which the very existence of the Church Establishment depends.

No wonder that the assembled dignitaries watched with breathless anxiety the going forth from the council-chamber of that weighty despatch.

The Eye of Faith. We cannot catch or kill the Mullah—Parliament honestly owns that. Therefore we ought to impress him with magic. We have not a Houdin up our sleeves to conjure him into docility, but we have others. Remember Lord

Wolseley's story of one of his officers who sported a glass eye. The officer was one day examining a prisoner, a zealous follower of the Mahdi. "Why do you believe in the Mahdi?" asked the officer. "I believe in him because he can work miracles," answered the other. The officer whipped out his glass eye, tossed it into the air, caught and replaced it. "D'ye think the Mahdi could do that?" he asked. The native was appalled, and had not a word to bless himself with, but forthwith worshipped the Briton. Are the resources of the oculists exhausted that the Mullahs mad and many furiously rage together?

The controversy between rival schools of thought in the Spiritualist world might with advantage turn to a story of the Duc

THE DOG OF MILLIONS OF STITCHES: A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF JAPANESE ART AND CRAFT.

We give these details of the remarkable needlework picture of a dog in connection with the picture itself, which is reproduced on another page.



PART OF THE HEAD OF THE DOG (ENLARGED): BACK VIEW.

and Duchesse de Praslin, of whom the late Mr. Hare has written. The Duchesse had for friends many devout disciples of Spiritualism, but herself was among the sturdiest of sceptics, and took a delight in pooh-poohing all the stories of manifestations and rappings and so forth. One day, however, she and her husband went to a stately castle to stay, and that night she slept alone in a gorgeous apartment. In the middle of the night she awoke, conscious of something moving in the room. She saw by the light of the expiring fire a figure, and as it turned towards her she detected something green. She reached out her hand, and felt something hard, like steel. The vision passed through the doorway, and she saw it no more.

And the Business. "It is a warning of my approaching death," she thought, and forthwith recanted all her heresies, and believed that those she had ridiculed were right. She told all her friends, and scoffed no more. She returned with her husband to her home, where, a few days afterwards, she was murdered. A fulfilment of the warning brought to her by the apparition? Yes, but not of the sort that the Spiritualists reckon. Suspicion fell upon the Duc. He was arrested. Among his possessions were found a green mask and a dagger. It was no spirit that she had seen. It was her husband, who had gone that night to murder her, and had been for the moment foiled by her unexpected wakefulness.

In the Line of Fire.

In view of the plea that we should not build all our *Dreadnoughts* at once, but make haste slowly, so that we may take advantage of developments of naval science, it may be worth while re-telling the fact that the Admiralty has a healthy crop of mistakes whereby to profit. When first we began to build armoured ships, they thought of the armour and little else. They quite forgot the boilers!



A SECTION OF THE FABRIC, SHOWING THE MULTITUDE OF NEEDLEHOLES.

THE DOG OF MILLIONS OF STITCHES :
BY A LANDSEER OF THE NEEDLE.



PIERCED WITH HOLES AS COUNTLESS AS THE SEA-SANDS: A REMARKABLE NEEDLEWORK PICTURE OF A DOG.

It is no exaggeration to say that this picture of a dog, which is in silks on black silk, has millions of stitches. So fine is the work that, looking at it, it is difficult to believe that the picture is in silk, and not the work of a painter's brush. It is an extraordinary example of Japanese art and craft. The artist is Senshu-Shita; the embroiderer, D. Watanabe.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



For Wheel and Woe!

The difficulties and discomforts actors encounter in going from one town to another, and the adverse conditions under which they sometimes have to act, have been referred to from time to time on this page. Certain experiences of Mr. Kenneth Douglas serve to illustrate them. On one occasion, he had been playing for a week at Oldham, and had to journey to London on the Sunday. During the evening of the Saturday, the snow began to fall heavily, and when the play was over Mr. Douglas had to tramp through some inches of snow. As the night advanced the snow grew heavier, until, next day, it was over a foot deep, and even Oldham took on the semblance of beauty. It was not that aspect, however, which particularly attracted Mr. Kenneth Douglas. His lodgings were a mile and a half from the railway-station, and he was quickly made to realise that it was impossible to get a cab to convey him and his luggage to the train. He succeeded in borrowing a wheelbarrow, and on this he placed his luggage; and as he could get no one to push the barrow, he had to do it himself. Through a mile and a half of Oldham streets, therefore, he trudged, shoving the barrow in front of him, and sinking at each step nearly to his knees in the snow. When he got to the station he was wet to the skin. There was no possibility of changing his sodden garments, and he was perforce compelled to sit in them, his teeth chattering, while they dried on him during the seemingly interminable four hours which elapsed before he reached town.

"Two Dogs— One Drink."

Few people in England know the discomfort of living in a prohibition town, or the ruses by which the legal restrictions are circumvented. Both were vividly brought home to Mr. Sam Walsh, who is playing in "The Dashing Little Duke," at the Hicks, on one occasion when, travelling in New Zealand, he reached Invercargill, the southernmost town in South Island, for which reason it is generally said to contain "the last post-office," "the last lamp-post," "the last house," and "the last" everything else in the world. The day he arrived in the town, Mr. Walsh asked the waiter at lunch for a small bottle of claret. He replied they had none, so a whisky-and-soda was asked for. The waiter, recognising the visitor's ignorance of the conditions, explained them. Forbidden drink being like forbidden fruit, Mr. Walsh resolved that nothing should prevent him getting one. He put on his hat, and went out into the street to seek the last policeman. Instead, he found the last man in the world, to whom he confided his desires. "This is a prohibition town," the man explained, "but if you are fond of dogs, I think I can help you." "I would be fond of anything to get a drink," replied Mr. Walsh. That settled it. The man led the way, and,

after a little while, stopped at the door of a house, which opened to his knock. He went into one of the rooms, and, addressing a venerable-looking old gentleman who sat at a table, said: "This gentleman wishes to enter two dogs for the show." "Two half-crowns," said the old gentleman briefly, yet courteously. Mr. Walsh handed the money over, and in return received forms of entry for two dogs, named respectively "Hom-hom" and "Pom-pom." The formality over,

"the last man in the world" suggested that they should go. As they left the room a brown-paper package was handed to them. It was a non-committal looking package, but it revealed a strangely familiar shape when pressed, and Mr. Walsh went on his way rejoicing in the possession of a bottle of whisky disguised in the form of an entry for two dogs in a show.

"I Have a Song to Sing-oh!"

To go to sing to a composer with a view to getting one's first engagement on the stage, and to get the engagement without undergoing the ordeal, must be regarded either as an unusual method of doing things or as evidence of great good luck. That, however, was what happened to Miss Peggy Bethel, who is playing in "The King of Cadonia," at the outset of her career. She was given an appointment for eleven o'clock one morning. Naturally, she kept it punctually, only to be told that she could not be seen, and must return at twelve o'clock. At twelve she again presented herself, and was told to go away until one o'clock. She waited for the composer from one till half-past, when a messenger arrived to say she would be seen at three. Then she really got annoyed, for she had tickets for a matinée which she did not wish to miss. She decided, however, to keep the appointment, and at three she went back to the theatre, and was shown on to the stage, where she waited until half-past. It was very cold, and she was growing more and more impatient, so she turned to another girl who was also waiting and said rhetorically, "When is this awful man coming?"

"The awful man is here," a voice replied at her elbow. She turned and saw the composer, who, with dramatic opportuneness, had that moment arrived and was standing by her. Instead of being angry, as many men would have been at being spoken of in that way by a girl who was still on the threshold of the stage-door, so to speak, the composer was very kind, and did what he could to soothe Miss Bethel's feelings. She was much too upset, however, to sing, so without her doing so the composer gave her an engagement. That he has never had occasion to regret the unusual way of doing business is evident, for during the four years which have elapsed since that day Miss Bethel has never "rested," except when she had to take an enforced rest through being ill with appendicitis.



THE LOVE OF THE GOD OF LOVE: Mlle. LEONORA AS PSYCHE IN THE NEW IDYLL AT THE ALHAMBRA.

"Psyche" was produced at the Alhambra last week. In it Mlle. Leonora plays Psyche; Mlle. Britta, Cupid; and Miss Julia Reeve, Venus.

Photographs by Bassano.

WHAT IT FEELS LIKE—



III. —TO BE A NERVOUS PUNTER.
DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

An Excellent Speech.

I don't take much account, as a rule, of centenary celebrations. It is well that they should be held, that our great dead should be publicly honoured at intervals; but the speeches on those occasions seldom tell us more about their subjects than what critics have said already, and have rather a perfunctory air; besides, they are occasionally made by rather inappropriate people. I made an exception, however, of the celebration of Edward FitzGerald's centenary by the Omar Khayyam Club. (I was not there: I hasten to say this, lest I be thought to violate rules of hospitality: my information is derived entirely from the *Times*.) The Club itself was most properly employed, and Mr. Edmund Gosse, who proposed the toast of the evening, as poet and man of letters, was altogether the right person to make a speech about Edward FitzGerald. Furthermore, his speech was extremely interesting, and most of it dealt with a point which is very well worth discussing. It seems that Mr. Birrell, speaking at Ipswich, related how he had foregathered with a motor-cyclist, who had never heard of FitzGerald; and he proceeded to make the remarkable statement that FitzGerald would far sooner have met that motor-cyclist than any of the devotees assembled at Ipswich. He did not, of course, mean *quâ* motor-cyclist; but I cannot help observing that, of all possible occupations, I cannot think of one less likely to make a man acceptable to the leisurely and indolent FitzGerald: observe the next one you see bumping furiously along a road with his set, unhappy face, and try to imagine him and old Fitz together. Mr. Birrell, however, merely meant that FitzGerald would have liked the man because he was ignorant of literary matters, and he added that FitzGerald had "a disregard of all literary company." Mr. Gosse dealt faithfully with this matter.

Posh and Bosh.

He had no difficulty, indeed, in showing that Mr. Birrell was mistaken as regards FitzGerald. A man who was friends with Carlyle and Tennyson and Thackeray can hardly have disliked literary company. The mere fact that he enjoyed the society of an illiterate person called Posh does not prove that he disliked that of men nearer his own intellectual level. But Mr. Gosse went further, and rightly so, in protesting against a tendency in literary people to belittle or apologise for literature, "as something permissible on rainy days, or when there were not enough people present to play bridge." It is very wrong of them, and I am sorry to say I believe it often comes of a certain snobbishness. In the eighteenth century the tone of aristocratic society was cultivated: if a man was ignorant he simulated knowledge: it was fashionable to be a wit, unfashionable to be a boor. But in our days it is not so; the tone of aristocratic society—or of

what has taken its place—is frankly indifferent to things of the mind. I don't know that it matters very much, but it is weak of literary people to pretend to be in unison with that tone. Not, of course, that Mr. Birrell is to be accused of such a motive—that would be ridiculous—but his motor-cyclist heresy did rather give countenance to the too-prevalent homage paid to Philistinism. On the other hand, too much "literary company" is no doubt bad, and the literary man who confines himself to it—there are some who do, I believe—must be grievously narrow in sympathy and knowledge of life. As for FitzGerald, all the Posh business is tiresome: all that is really interesting about him beside his immortal quatrains is precisely that he was loved by Tennyson and appreciated by men whose respect was worth having for his amiable qualities. The rest is gentle sauntering.

Omar and his Club. As I said, I was

not present at the celebration, and, in fact, have never been present at a meeting of the Omar Khayyam Club. There is nothing offensive, therefore, in my permitting myself to wonder if it is really so generous in its potations as its name implies. I have never liked to ask those members of it I have met or people who have been guests. From time to time I have read sets of verses written for the dinners, and they have generally been of a pass-the-bottle description. Nevertheless, I have doubted, Omar, you remember, was "never deep in anything but wine," but I cannot imagine Messrs. X, Y, and Z being deep in wine: I should grieve to imagine it. Mr. Newbolt wrote some spirited verses for this celebration: "Oh, pour the red wine!" he sang. No doubt the red wine was duly poured, but I wonder, in my impertinent way, what Omar would have

thought of the quantity consumed. I seem to remember reading somewhere that Omar did not really drink, that it was only his fun, or else that it stood for a symbol of something else. Nothing would ever make me believe that. Nor do I agree with Mr. Chesterton, who says that Omar's drinking was bad because it is medical drinking—drinking done to forget unhappiness. That sort of drinking is bad, I admit, because it is of the sort which goes on increasing and has a fatal end; but I think Omar drank because he liked it, and his reasons are whimsical. Omar was a simple hedonist, and had the philosophy common to simple hedonists—Horace, for example—which is to the effect that we had better enjoy ourselves because we are going to die, that we know nothing about the future, and so forth. He had the facile pathos which generally goes with a life of indulgence. Not a "deep" philosophy, to be sure: its value depends on its expression, and that, whatever it is in the original Persian, in Edward FitzGerald is perfect.

N. O. I.



THE MACTARTAN (very much fuddled): Two tuckets for Inverness, Mister.
CLERK: Right, Sir. Change at Aberdeen, please.

THE MACTARTAN: Na, na! I'll tak' it the noo; we've heard aboot the fook in Aberdeen.

A BARBEROUS AFFAIR.



THE ONE WHO HAS BEEN "NABBED": Strike me if my luck ain't dead out! Ter think that only this mornin'
I 'ad a 'air-cut—a sheer waste o' thrupence.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE DUKE AND THE DOWAGER.

BY EMERIC HULME BEAMAN.

"NO," remarked his Grace firmly, "under the circumstances, the thing is impossible—quite impossible."

The Dowager shook her ringlets at him in playful reproach.

"Pray," she asked, "do you include *me* among the circumstances?"

The Duke looked at his boots. "The minuet," he explained, settling himself more comfortably in the low arm-chair. "I really could not attempt a minuet. A waltz, possibly—or even a polka; but a minuet—! No, no. Besides, my dear lady, consider your age!"

"True," she sighed, "And yours!"

"And mine?" said the Duke. "H'm—yes, of course. I forgot that."

"I daresay we are better here," mused the Dowager.

"Much," agreed the Duke. "Much. . . . You are comfortable?" He bent a little towards her.

"Thanks, yes; but"—her eyes dropped regretfully—"I do so love a minuet, you know."

"Ah, so do I," said the Duke cheerfully. "Still, one has to sacrifice one's most cherished partialities sometimes." He leaned back again in his chair with a sigh of content, and regarded his companion solemnly for a moment. "A most becoming way of doing your hair," he murmured, "though a trifle out of date."

"That," she said, with a little shrug, "is the penalty of being an anachronism."

"Say, rather," replied the Duke gallantly, "that in these days true beauty is too often penalised."

"And chivalry dead, they say."

The Duke wagged his beard mournfully. "What can one expect in an age of motor-cars and money-grubbing?" he deplored. "There will be no men a hundred years hence. Mark my words—they will all be machines. Now, in *our* day—"

"Oh," protested the Dowager, "aren't you taking me rather too far back?" His Grace looked reflective.

"I believe I am a bit," he conceded. "But I was always a trifle hazy about dates—even as a—*a*—youngster, you know, when I had to pass examinations at school."

"And that," she commented, "must have been long, long ago."

"A devil of a — I mean a prodigious long time ago, of course," he admitted. Now, the Duke of Oaklands was getting an old man. He was, in fact, seventy-one; and a career of strenuous activity both in private and public affairs had aged him somewhat beyond his years. Moreover, the prospect of his nephew's eventual succession to the title had tended to embitter his outlook upon the fast-receding pleasures of life. The Duke's brother, as most people know, had married at the age of fifty, and died ten years later of an apoplexy, leaving one son, the present heir presumptive, and two daughters—who don't count. The Duke himself was a widower, and childless. He had come to detest his nephew, in whom he professed to detect all the worst symptoms of modern degeneracy—not the least of the young man's faults being, in the eyes of the Duke, a total absence of respect for his uncle. Indeed, to such a lamentable degree did he carry this failing that the Duke would willingly have cut him off with the proverbial shilling had it been in his Grace's power to cancel the entail—which, unhappily, it was not. The only other alternative that suggested itself to the Duke was that he should marry again, triumphantly produce an heir, and so exclude his nephew once and for all from the succession. There was one thing, however, that the Duke valued even more than he disliked his nephew, and that was the unruffled domestic serenity to which he had been accustomed for the past twenty years, and which a young wife might be expected in some measure to disturb. . . .

"Quite a prodigious long time ago," repeated the Duke.

"Time," reflected the Dowager, "slips by so fast."

"Time," said the Duke impressively, "was made for slaves—I read that somewhere or other. No one," he added, swelling out his chest, "could possibly accuse *me* of being a slave. Nor"—he turned his eye with infinite condescension upon his companion—"nor you, my dear lady, nor you!"

She bobbed her curls at him in a little old-fashioned curtsy, which pleased the Duke immensely, for he rubbed his hands.

"That's ripping! Do it again," he begged—"do it again!"

"I can't go on doing it," protested the Dowager. "It's—it's rather tiring."

"It's a lost art," the Duke assured her. "All arts are lost," he sighed—"even the art of making love. The—ah—the young men of the present day are quite shockingly ignorant of all those pretty little tricks of courtship which—ahem!—which distinguished *our* age, my dear Madam. '*Tempest* laudata actor . . . ' I seem to have got it wrong, somehow, but you know the quotation."

"I think it should be '*actress*,' shouldn't it?" she suggested.

"Very likely, very likely," agreed the Duke affably. "But we are justified in the assertion. Can the present in any way compare with the past, I ask you? Ah me! the old times! What days they were! What days! What revelry, what feasting, what glorious adventures by day and—but, bless my soul, my dear lady, I forgot. I mustn't go on. I really mustn't."

"And just as you were getting so interesting," murmured the Dowager.

The Duke regarded her with stern disapproval.

"I am surprised at you," he said. "Eve! Eve! that pretty, wilful, naughty Eve! What a lot she has to answer for!"

"Adam was just as bad," pouted the Dowager.

"Worse," assented the Duke—"much worse. I have always maintained, in the teeth of all opposition, that of the two Adam was distinctly the more blameworthy in that little affair of the apple."

"And your opinion should carry weight," ventured the Dowager demurely.

"I flatter myself—yes," the Duke acquiesced, "I fear, indeed, I have in my time earned some slight reputation as a man who has trifled a little in the apple line himself."

"If report does not err—in other lines, too," she said, drawing her brows together in a becoming frown of rebuke.

"You—ah—refer—?" he queried, toying with his beard.

"People *have* called you a cruel man," mused the Dowager.

"Ah!" the Duke spread out his delicate, sinewy hands in mild protest. "Cruel only to be kind—and all that sort of thing, you know. People are so uncharitable," he added.

"They don't like being killed, I expect," she hazarded.

"No," said the Duke thoughtfully. "No, I suppose they don't like being killed much—even though they deserve it. War," he shook his head sadly, "war is a terrible thing."

The Dowager gave a little suppressed shudder.

"Don't speak of it!" she entreated. "Pray don't speak of it!"

"I won't," said the Duke; "though permit me to point out it was you who first introduced the subject. There are, in fact, other matters that I would much prefer to discuss with you."

"The old, old times, for instance?" suggested the Dowager, glancing at him out of the tail of her eye.

"When we were young," murmured the Duke. "Little toddly things in short frocks and pretty long stockings—I mean, of course," he explained, "that *you* were in short frocks and pretty—"

"Never mind the pretty part," she hastened to interrupt. "I remember I used to think you a horrid little boy. You were destitute of the most elementary sense of gallantry, too—you used to take away my sweets whenever you had a chance."

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the Duke. "Did I really?"

"You know perfectly well that you did," she accused him.

The look of pained contrition on the Duke's face gave way to an expression of gentle regret. "And I no longer care for sweets," he sighed. "'*Tempora mutantur et gustae*'—I'm afraid my Latin's a thought shaky. At least," he added conscientiously, "not *that* kind of sweets."

"You see," went on the Dowager, ignoring the parenthesis, "even at that tender age the predatory instinct had already begun to show early signs of development in your Grace's character."

"Oh, come—not *predatory*!" objected the Duke.

"Well then, acquisitive," she substituted.

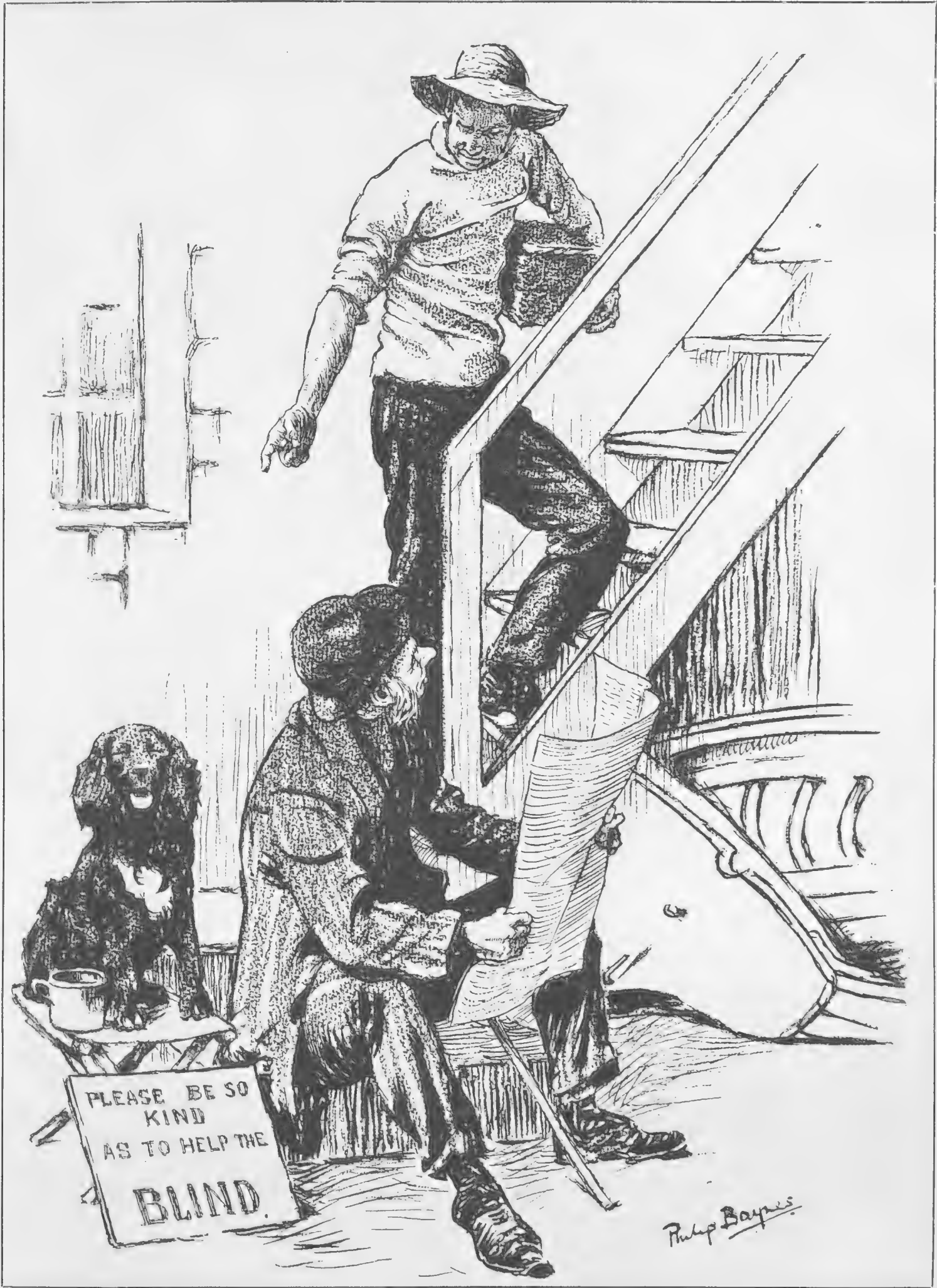
The Duke nodded thoughtfully. "A mere racial characteristic," he observed—"a quality that should elicit admiration rather than censure. Without the acquisitive instinct—that glorious passion for annexing other people's property on every available occasion—where would the British nation be to-day? The principle, I admit, is capable of dangerous extension in the hands of unscrupulous persons—but it contains the true germ of nobility and greatness."

"I see nothing great or noble in stealing a little girl's sweets by sheer brute force," objected the Dowager.

"There you are mistaken, my dear lady," the Duke pointed out with bland composure. "I evidently wanted those sweets, and this consideration no doubt constituted in my mind an incontrovertible

[Continued overleaf]

MERELY A BLIND !



THE PASSER-BY: Why do you say you're blind when you can read the paper?
THE BEGGAR: Garn! it's the dog wot's blind.

claim to them. The probability is that you, in a fit of misguided feminine zeal, disputed this claim. It would then, of course, have resolved itself into a matter of conscience with me to establish it, if necessary, by force of arms. This procedure finds a frequent parallel in the practice adopted by the Great Powers of sending ultimatums to smaller States in order to enforce demands which the latter, for some inexplicable reason or other, may happen to consider exorbitant or distasteful."

"Your Grace's logic," said the Dowager demurely, "explains much in your Grace's conduct which has hitherto, I am afraid, been grossly misrepresented by the public."

"Eh—what?" said the Duke, glancing up in surprise.

"Though it scarcely seems to explain *everything*," she proceeded in a judicial tone.

"No," said the Duke vaguely. "No, I suppose not, although—" He paused on a note of dubious interrogation.

"For instance," volunteered the Dowager, "there was your friend Egmont . . . wasn't there?"

The Duke caressed his beard reflectively.

"Never knew the gentleman," he replied. "You don't mean *Egbert*, do you?—the little Don we used to call Egg-flip?"

"No, I don't," retorted the Dowager. "He wasn't a Don at all, nor even a Spaniard. He was a Count."

"Dear me," said the Duke, "was he?"

"Well, *you* ought to know," she snapped, "if anyone does."

"I don't," said the Duke, shaking his head, "I don't indeed."

"Your Grace has a conveniently short memory," said the Dowager with cutting sarcasm. "Perhaps you will also disclaim any recollection of a certain person called—let me see, called—Montigny?"

"Mont—Mont—*what*?" repeated the Duke, knitting his brows. "I really don't quite take you, my dear lady. . . . Unless you refer to Monteagle," he added, brightening, "known as Monty?"

"Certainly not," said the Dowager, "I refer to Montigny."

"I never could guess conundrums," complained the Duke, peevishly.

The Dowager leaned forward and tapped him playfully with her fan.

"I see I must refresh your poor, treacherous memory," she smiled. "Count Egmont was executed in Flanders, and Baron Montigny was murdered in Spain."

"Gracious!" exclaimed the Duke. "How on earth did you know that?"

"Every school-girl knows it," said the Dowager. "And you," she went on accusingly, "are popularly supposed to have been implicated in both these crimes."

"I?" said the Duke sitting up. "God bless my soul, my dear lady! I protest I know nothing whatever about the matter!"

"It's no use prevaricating," retorted the Dowager. "You will pretend next that you know nothing about Haarlem!"

"Never met the gentleman," he declared with conviction. "Never met him in my life, I assure you."

"Haarlem was *not* a gentleman," she corrected.

"Ah, then, that accounts for it," said the Duke airily. "I only associate with—er—with gentlemen, don't you know?"

"Haarlem," explained the Dowager patiently, "was a city, my friend. After a protracted siege you entered it and, in defiance of your pledged word, massacred the inhabitants to the number of over two thousand innocent persons."

"Dear me," said the Duke, "did I really?"

"Undoubtedly," she assured him. "Do you mean to say that you forget even *that*?"

Again the Duke shook his head and sighed.

"It—ah—it happened, you see, such a deuce of a long time ago," he apologised. "My—er—my uncle would, no doubt, recollect the sad occurrence," he added, as a happy thought.

"Your uncle? Oh—fie!" smiled the Dowager. "You shouldn't make fun of the dear man. After all, he's not so—so *very* old, remember."

"Well, he's older than *I* am, anyway," snapped the Duke.

"He might marry again, you know," she reminded him, "even yet."

The Duke made an emphatic gesture of dissent.

"There's not the remotest chance of it," he declared. "No woman in her senses would be fool enough to marry my uncle."

"Then you really think," said the Dowager, and her voice became quite confidential as she leaned prettily towards her companion, "—you really think that you will . . . well, *you* know what—?"

The Duke nodded in perfect comprehension of this cryptic remark. "I entertain not the least doubt on the point," he assured her.

"I am glad of that," she murmured absently. "It would be rather jolly to be a—a—"

"Duchess?" suggested the Duke. The Dowager drew herself up haughtily and tried to look angry.

"Your Grace mistakes!" she began with extreme dignity. "I—"

"My Grace does nothing of the sort," interrupted the Duke impatiently. "What? Is a man not to be allowed to know his own feelings, pray?"

"A man?" echoed the Dowager.

"Well, a Duke, then," he corrected, regarding her sternly.

"Oh, but I was thinking of mine," she stammered, looking down at the tips of her pointed little shoes. "I was wondering whether it would be . . . well, right for a woman—"

"A woman?" said the Duke, staring.

"Well, a Dowager, then—to marry a—a crime-stained man like—"

"Like?" demanded the Duke severely.

"His Grace of Alva," replied the Dowager, with a saucy little curtsy.

"I am told," said the Duke, fixing a stern eye upon her, "I am told—"

The Dowager stiffened perceptibly.

"Pray, and what are you told?"

"I am told," repeated the Duke with cold precision, "that in the days of her youth, the Dowager Countess of Elmpark was—well, was no better than she should have been, at any rate."

"An—abominable calumny!" gasped the Dowager hotly.

"So I should hardly have expected," calmly pursued the Duke—"I should hardly have expected her Ladyship to entertain any violent scruples of the kind you mention."

"I don't believe a word of it," protested the Dowager, blushing, "or . . ."

"Or what?" inquired the Duke kindly.

"Or I should not have chosen this—this particular character to come to the ball in to-night, of course."

"I am very glad you did," said the Duke, "for I assure you it is an infinitely becoming one."

"That was my only reason," explained the Dowager earnestly. "You know the picture, I suppose?"

The Duke bowed. "I see it before me," he replied.

"No, no," she frowned. "I mean the picture in the National Gallery—Hogarth's portrait of the Countess of Elmpark."

"I made a special point of examining it the other day," he announced, "when I looked in to study the Duke of Alva's costume . . . Hogarth's portrait of the Duke of Alva, you know—Room 5. A fine painting!"

"I don't believe you have ever been to the National Gallery in your life," declared the Duchess vehemently. "Hogarth never painted a portrait of the Duke of Alva at all."

"Dear me," said the Duke, "didn't he? Why not?"

"Because he happened to live about two hundred years after the Duke was dead," snapped the Dowager.

"Well, he—er—he might have painted one from—from hearsay, you know," suggested the Duke. "Anyhow, you are wrong. I *did* go to the Gallery. I went expressly to see the Countess's portrait—a most charming, a most remarkably beautiful old lady."

"Yes, she was considered the most beautiful woman of the period," the Dowager informed him. "Do you think I—I'm at all like her?"

"Not a bit," replied the Duke with decision. "I mean," he added hastily, "you are ever so much more beautiful. And, besides, you have forgotten to make up your face to look old. Otherwise the likeness is perfect—quite perfect."

"Your costume is pretty good, too," remarked the Dowager, somewhat mollified. "Especially the beard, but—"

"Yes, I flatter myself the beard is good," returned the Duke, "though deucedly uncomfortable. You were going to add—?"

"I was wondering what on earth induced you to impersonate such a—a shocking old reprobate as the Duke of Alva?"

"Because he wore such an attractive costume," explained the Duke. "I happened to come across an old engraving, and that decided me. Moreover," he added, "I am credibly informed by my—ah—solicitors that I am lineally descended from the Alvas on my mother's side: my great-grandmother's cousin married a Spaniard called Alva. It is quite likely that he was a kind of distant relation of the Duke's."

"Quite, of course," admitted the Dowager. "And it must be so pleasant to play at being a Duke even for an evening."

"Permit me to remind you," said the Duke stiffly, "that in *my* case the game is likely to become a reality."

"Oh," she retorted, "if you mean that for a snub. . . . Besides, since you are going to be a Duke, permit me to remind you—ahem! permit me to remind your Grace that *I* may possibly also become a dow—" She checked herself sharply, with a blush.

"Don't flatter yourself that you will become anything of the sort, my dear Countess," replied the Duke blandly. "For I warn you beforehand that I intend to live to a dickens of an age."

"You needn't think that you will disappoint me like that," she mocked. "Indeed, I am getting tired of being a dowager already."

"And I," said the Duke, "am beginning to find this beard a little cumbersome. If I were to kiss you, I believe it would come off."

"Then, for goodness' sake, don't—don't risk such a catastrophe," she implored him.

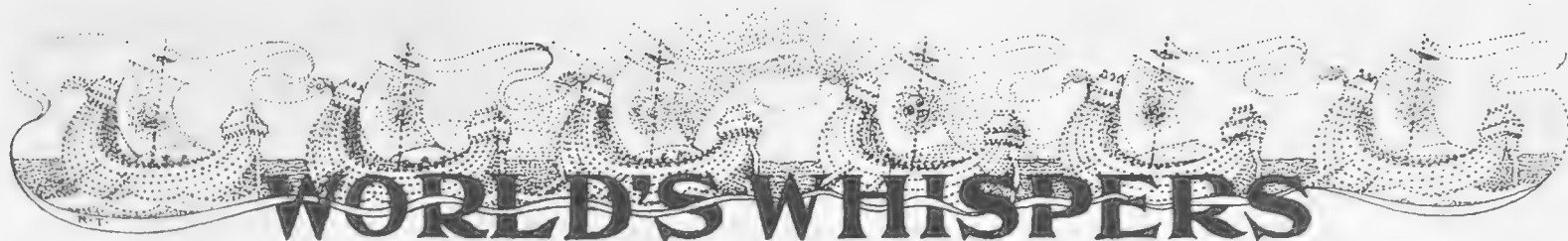
"A soldier," responded the Duke gallantly, "fears *no* risks."

"But—but—your beard!" she entreated.

"I will sacrifice it," answered the Duke resolutely. "If necessary, I am prepared to sacrifice it."

"Oh, well, since you must be so—so foolish," faltered the Dowager, "I—" But the remainder of her sentence was lost in the Duke's beard—which, happily, however, did not come off, after all.

THE END.



IT cannot be said of the present Duke of Rutland—as it was of an ancestor—that he is renowned among stablemen and obscure to the rest of his countrymen. But his pursuits keep him much afield and afoot: he is a walker, and plays golf in consequence; he is a fisherman of parts, but a trout-stream is by

no means all he seeks on the countryside. The birds will sing to him this week, when he celebrates his fifty-seventh birthday, for the birds have no more attentive audience. Anything that is wild and has two wings and a whistle is of interest for him, and it is perhaps with the help of such recreation that he has reached that safe and sound middle age from which not all the horses of Belvoir could draw him. He looks to-day exactly as he looked when he represented Leicestershire in that tomb of youthfulness, the House of Commons, and exactly as he looked when he last sat to the artist on his hearth—the Duchess.

Men and Manners. It is as an artist, and therefore as the Marchioness of Granby—for

A FAVOURITE HOSTESS OF ROYALTY:
VISCOUNTESS FALMOUTH.

Photograph by Langflier.

so many years her *nom-de-crayon*—that the Duchess of Rutland, with good reason, wishes to be remembered. Horace Walpole tells of the Duchess of his own more gossipy epoch that, when she heard any singular description of men or manners, she would say to her daughter: "Lucy, child, step into the next room and set that down." "Lord, Madam," says Lady Lucy, "it can't be true!" "Oh, no matter, child; it will do for news into the next country post." The present Duchess also sets things down, but those she chooses are the "true portraiture" of the most distinguished men and women—and Manners—of her time.

The English Gentleman.

When the King of Italy shook hands last week with Mr. Harold Boulton, the representative of the British Committee of the Keats-Shelley Memorial Association, he was in touch with a man of many Britannic activities. Mr. Boulton has been treasurer and chairman to this and that society times out of number, and committee-man for hospitals and leagues by the half-dozen.

He wrote "Canada," the national song of Our Lady of the Snows, and it was to him that Cardinal Manning made his often-quoted remark: "An English gentleman should read Horace, and ride to hounds." Mr. Boulton has done more; he has brushed up his Shelley, too.

Hostesses at Biarritz.

American hostesses have been prominent in making for the gaiety of Biarritz during the King's visit. Mrs. Charles Moore, Mrs. Perry Belmont, and Princess Isenbourg have entertained his Majesty, as also has Mrs. Leishman, a lady variously described in the English papers as "the wife of the United States Ambassador at Rome," and of the "Ambassador to Turkey," while her address at Biarritz would seem

to be either Château Boucard or Villa Belle Fontaine, as it best pleased the correspondents. Mrs. Leishman is, of course, the wife of the American Ambassador to Turkey; and Constantinople is as often her home as not. Mr. Leishman represents the Steel-Pittsburg-Carnegie side of the States, but his wife is a hostess with the happy knack of persuading herself, her guests, and her husband that, when the hour comes, lunch and laughter at Biarritz are the really important affairs of life.

Children of Mark.

Mr. Philip Napier will be largely congratulated on his engagement to Miss Gabrielle Jean Harvey, the daughter of Sir Charles Harvey. He is the nephew of the present Lord Napier of Ettrick, and of the Hon. John Scott Napier, for a considerable time the Inspector of that important branch of the Army, its gymnasia, and a son of the Hon. Mark Napier, described by Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, who sent him out to Egypt to conduct the defence of Arabi

Pasha, as a man "difficult to rebuff." The description is good, but incomplete. Far more famous than his speeches in the Courts of Cairo are Mr. Mark Napier's speeches in the dining-room, for he is one of the most versatile and industrious of talkers. Mr. Philip Napier is an amateur actor and athlete. There is no strange instrument of exercise—or torture—in the Army Gymnasia that he could not very thoroughly test at his uncle's behest.

Lord and Lady Falmouth.

Among the favourite country hosts of the Prince and Princess of Wales, Lord and Lady Falmouth are among the most agreeable and popular members of the great nobility. At splendid Tregothnan they entertain in good old style, and on a magnificent scale, no place in "the delectable Duchy" being better fitted for the giving of royal house parties. Lady Falmouth, who was the eldest of the late Lord Penrhyn's daughters, is one of the keenest amateur gardeners in the kingdom. Like the Princess of Wales, the mistress of Tregothnan is the devoted mother of many sons and of one daughter. The eldest of the sons, the Hon. Evelyn Hugh John Boscawen, came of age in August last year.

Countess Lützow. The Lützows are foremost members of that small but distinguished group composed of foreign nobility who live half their lives in England. Both Count and Countess Lützow are as well known in London and in the Shires as they are in Bohemia; but it is at their ancestral home, the Castle of Zampach, that they delight to entertain their innumerable English friends. The Countess is devoted to music, and her concerts are celebrated; but she is, curiously enough, also a great dog-fancier.

WIFE OF A DISTINGUISHED WRITER ON BOHEMIAN HISTORY AND LITERATURE: THE COUNTESS LÜTZOW, WIFE OF COUNT LÜTZOW.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



A FAVOURITE HOST OF ROYALTY:
VISCOUNT FALMOUTH.

Photograph by Langflier.



ELDEST SON OF LORD AND LADY FALMOUTH: THE HON. EVELYN HUGH JOHN BOSCAWEN.

Photograph by Langflier.



DAUGHTER OF THE NEW GOVERNOR OF QUEENSLAND: MISS MARY MACGREGOR, DAUGHTER OF SIR WILLIAM MACGREGOR.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

KEY-NOTES

The Wreckers.

Miss Ethel Smyth is to be congratulated, for it is stated that her much-discussed opera, "The Wreckers," is to be produced in London during the summer season. Many will regret that Covent Garden is not to be the scene of the production, but there must be many difficulties in the way of completing the grand season arrangements as published, and the resources of His Majesty's Theatre will doubtless afford all the elaborate mounting required. Nor will it be difficult to find an orchestra capable of interpreting the complicated score. Miss Smyth's first opera was produced in Germany eleven years ago, and the one-act work, "Der Wald," was mounted at Covent Garden seven years ago, and revived in the following year. "The Wreckers" was performed for the first time in Germany rather more than two years ago, and has since been given elsewhere on the Continent; while the reception of the music on London concert platforms must have been most encouraging to the composer. It is a pity that a work that, whatever its limitations, may well be the most important British contribution to grand opera should not be produced at our national opera-house; but if the subscribers showed a marked inclination to encourage British talent, we may be sure that the directors of the Syndicate would respond to it. Unhappily, the patrons of grand opera are apt to signalise their appreciation for novelties by staying away from the house when they are presented.

An Ambitious Composer.

her work to some competent and unbiassed friend before challenging the criticism of a London audience. Young composers whose ambitions run ahead of their capacity are not uncommon in our midst, but the most of those who give recitals in the Metropolis show evidence of more prolonged study of their means to an end than Miss Cook-Watson's varied work displayed. She presented a quartet for violin, 'cello, harp, and piano, and solos for violin, 'cello, and piano, together with several songs, in which the lack of skilled handling found no salvation in the melodies, and there were times when the writer was reminded of a significant line in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet": "She speaks, but nothing says." The music, when it was not reminiscent, was commonplace or incoherent, and one could not help feeling that it would have been better for the young composer to have done one piece of work well than to have written so much indifferently. All the assistance that capable players and good singers could give her was rendered loyally.

The songs were interpreted by such accomplished artists as Miss Alice Mandeville and Mr. Watkin Mills, while the instrumentalists all did as well as they could hope to do with such unpromising

material. Miss Cook-Watson should devote more time to study and less to composition for the next few years, and then she may be able to realise a part at least of her ambitions. At present they are far too vaulting.



MADE TO TAKE HOLIDAY BY RHEUMATISM: M. PADEREWSKI.

Admirers of Paderewski, and their name is legion, will regret to learn that a severe attack of rheumatism has compelled him to suspend his work for a time and take holiday. The Polish pianist will doubtless accept the visitation with equanimity, remembering how many great or very promising players have found their career at an end through one of the troubles that sometimes attack fingers when they have been over-exercised. He has been one of the fortunate ones.

Photograph by the Falk Studios.

A "Festival Soprano."

Among the last recitals of the winter season, that given by Mme. Anita Rio calls for mention. The singer, who allows herself to be called "America's Festival Soprano," whatever that may be, has a singularly attractive voice, and made an impression that is not often associated with newcomers whose preliminary announcements are so startling. Mme. Rio sings with extraordinary ease and assurance, and seems to be always on her note. Her chief fault lies in a certain mental detachment from the work interpreted. Her method is a sort of Procrustes bed, on which she stretches or lops all the composers she interprets, and this method has distinct drawbacks. Rarely does one hear songs sung so well from a purely technical standpoint and so little informed with the spirit they were intended to breathe. If Mme. Rio will give the same attention to interpretation which she has given to voice-production, she will be a notable recruit to the London concert-platform.

London's Loss.

It is quite distressing to hear that the promises of the winter opera season have not been fulfilled. Unless some unforeseen developments occur there will be no winter season of opera in English London next, and even if it should be found possible to arrange for one, Wagner's operas can hardly be produced, for Dr. Richter has entered into a fresh contract with the Hallé

Orchestra in Manchester, and is said to have signed for a term of three years. It must be presumed that the support given to the winter season, though it was good, was not good enough. The outlay is very considerable, the work for all concerned exceedingly hard, and without prospect of an adequate return the risk can hardly be a business one. Art for art's sake can only be undertaken by the State or by philanthropists. The fault is not with the directors of Covent Garden—they have done their best; it is not with Dr. Richter, who has added to his heavy load of laurels; it must lie, if anywhere, with the public that continues to regard opera as a social rather than as a musical function, and will not make a united effort to establish it in our midst. The reproach is a serious one. The Continent and the United States rebuke us at every turn, and those who have laboured so hard and strenuously for the success of opera in English deserve the sympathy of all music-lovers. Bayreuth will benefit by the decision of Covent Garden's directors, if any further benefit be necessary

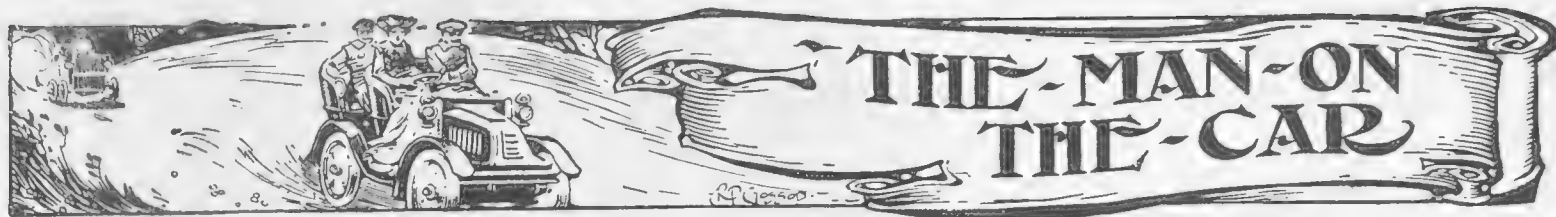


IN MME. TETRAZZINI'S DRESSING-ROOM: THE FAMOUS SINGER TALKING TO HER BROTHER-IN-LAW, SIGNOR CAMPANINI, THE FAMOUS CONDUCTOR.

Photograph by Rolak.

at a time when so many intending visitors are relegated to a waiting list, with small chance of finding any place in the Opera-House this year.

COMMON CHORD.



The Maker of Brooklands.

To the majority of motorists Mr. Locke-King's distinctive appellation is but a name. One may attend Brooklands a hundred times, and though one may rub shoulders again and again with the progressive enthusiast whose brain conceived and whose money materialised the Brooklands track, his identity, unless specially indicated, remains unsuspected. Great as is the work which Mr. Locke-King has carried out in the interests of automobilism in this country (for he has put us in possession of a motordrome such as exists nowhere else in the world), he is content to see his *magnum opus* put to its proper uses, and to claim no great credit therefor. The Mr. Locke-King of Brooklands is the son of Peter John Locke-King, a prominent politician of his day, ever esteemed a Radical, though in these later confiscate times he would assuredly show as a stern, unbending Tory. Mr. Locke-King *père* was brother to the Lord Lovelace of his day, and our great trackmaker is a first cousin of the present Lord Lovelace of Horsley Towers.

Barrister, Rifle-Shot and Horse-Breeder.

Our Mr. Locke-King was called to the Bar, but I do not think he ever practised, although he early joined the ranks of "The Devil's Own," the Inns of Court Volunteers, and became a first-class rifle-shot. His sideboards fairly bristle with prizes which testify to his great skill with the long, lean barrel. Later on he took a very keen interest in the progress of Egypt, and the Mena House Hotel, which stands at the foot of the Pyramids, owes its existence to his enterprise. Later again, upon his return to England and residence in Sussex, he came to the conclusion that the breed of Shire horses was urgently in need of improvement, and so set himself the task of making good the deficiencies. This he did so successfully that the improvement remarkable in the draught horses of Surrey and Sussex to-day is very largely due to his efforts. He has also worked hard for the improvement of agriculture.

Brooklands not a Commercial Venture.

When at the Brescia races, some time ago, he conceived the idea of a motor-track, to be constructed on his own property in Surrey, which should put England in the forefront of the nations in this matter. The great work was not in any way undertaken as a commercial venture; Mr. Locke-King only looks forward to the fact of its existence improving the breed of motor-cars. One manufacturer—to wit, Mr. M. S. Napier, through the mouthpiece of his friend, Mr. S. F. Edge—has at least admitted this. The kudos which accrued lately to the

Armstrong-Whitworth car and the Silent Knight Daimlers, by reason of their successful performances at Weybridge, still fresh in the memory of the public, will, I am sure, on the part of the Armstrong-Whitworth and the Daimler Companies, lead to a grateful acknowledgment of the manifold uses of the Brooklands track.



OWNER OF BROOKLANDS, BARRISTER, RIFLE-SHOT, AND HORSE-BREEDER: MR. LOCKE-KING, WITH HIS FAVOURITE DOG.

Mr. Locke-King, owner of Brooklands, our great motordrome, is the son of Peter John Locke-King, who in his day was prominent in politics. Mr. Locke-King is first cousin of Lord Lovelace. He was called to the Bar, and became a member of "The Devil's Own" and a first-class rifle-shot. He has also bred Shire horses, and is a great deal interested in agriculture.

Photograph by Tophal.

it from the makers as tuned up to the last note. In some interesting particulars of the upkeep of an 18-24-h.p. Austin car, run 10,164 miles at an inclusive cost of 2'175d. per mile, given in the

The Work of the Scottish A.C. Without always intending it, perhaps, the Royal Automobile Club is very much in the picture, and the world at large is kept well informed of its manifold projects and performances. This, I fear me, is not altogether the case with the Scottish Automobile Club, which seems content to hide its light under a bushel—at least, so far as we Southerners are concerned. The Scottish Reliability Trial is, of course, world-famous, but with so strong and pertinacious a worker as Mr. Robert J. Smith, the honorary secretary, it is not to be expected that the Scottish Club, having once prepared for and carried out its big annual event, forthwith rests on its oars for the remainder of the year. Any idea of this kind is at once dispelled by a perusal of the Club's Annual Report, which shows how much good work has been done in combating applications for speed-limits, in advancing the cause of considerate driving, the erection of warning signals, the examination of drivers, and other matters conducing to the comfort and convenience of motorists residing and touring in Scotland.

Air!—More Air! with mechanical tastes and time for making experiments can generally light upon little dodgments and adjustments which will improve the running of his car, even when he receives the private owner of the car states that he found that after the maximum possible amount of air had been admitted to the induction system through the auxiliary air-valve, the engine refusing to run with any more from that source, he found that he could still further dilute the mixture by an orifice in the suction-pipe close to the inlets. A similar case has come under my notice lately where, when the engine was pulling, whether fast or slow, but only then, a half-inch orifice could be opened in the cross-piece of the induction-pipe with advantage. But the cock of the pipe had to be manipulated by hand, whereas I think a small, minutely adjustable air-valve might have been installed on the tie-piece with advantage.

[Continued on a later page.]



AN INVENTOR AT SEA: CYCLING ON THE WATER.

We show an inventor literally at sea—M. Ferdinand Louis on the invention that enables him to cycle on the water.

Photograph by Trampus.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Epsom.

The Epsom stands and course will look very spick and span for the meeting which takes place next week. They have both adopted their new spring garments, the brilliant white of the stands contrasting with the vivid green carpet of the course in delightful fashion. Mr. Dorling has, as usual, been very busy getting everything into apple-pie order. He is a conscientious official, and yearly sees ample



STRANGE COVER FOR GROUSE! NATIVE GILLIES AND THE BAG AT A SAND-GROUSE SHOOTING AT KHARTOUM.

reward for his work at both the spring and summer meetings. The going was never better, and there will be no excuse for beaten horses on that score. In the two chief handicaps, the City and Suburban and the Great Metropolitan, we may see horses trying to win for the third time—Dean Swift and Father Blind. Should the latter succeed, he will put up a unique record. Tissa-phernes won in 1888 and 1889, and King's Messenger in 1899 and 1900. Father Blind won in 1907 and 1908, and on his form at Newbury it is not long odds against him scoring a Metropolitan "hat trick." Mr. J. B. Joel's Dean Swift has a wonderfully consistent record in the City and Suburban, in which race he has been a standing dish since 1904. In that year he was second to Robert le Diable; in 1905 he was third to Pharisee; in 1906 he won; in 1907 he was fifth to Velocity; and in 1908 he won again. Last year his owner's commission was limited to £100 to win and £125 for a place, owing to the fact that Dean Swift had been stopped in his work through a snowfall. The conditions have been to a certain extent repeated this year, but "the Dean" does not require a lot of work, and I have little doubt he will be fit enough. Whether he is good enough is another matter. To my way of thinking Llangwm is the pick of the handicap. The favourite seldom wins the City and Suburban, only four clear and one equal favourites having done so since 1882.

The Derby.

The first public light shed on this year's Derby was shown at Newbury, in the race in which the King's colours were victorious on Minoru. Among the vanquished was Lord Carnarvon's Valens, who came into the Derby reckoning on the day that he gave such a convincing exhibition of speed, staying-power, courage, and weight-carrying capacity in a mile nursery last autumn. The engagement of the cleverest of our boy jockeys—F. Wootton—to ride Valens in the Epsom classic perhaps caused the name of the colt to loom more largely in the winter discussion of the race than would have otherwise been the case; but there can be no getting away from the fact that in Valens Lord Carnarvon has a nailing good colt. The question arises over the victory of Minoru, was it due solely to superiority of condition? Lack of fitness may have been a factor in the defeat, but it must be

recollected that Minoru was conceding 5 lb., which does not quite represent the measure of the defeat. I should say that Valens would have to improve at least 10 lb. to reverse the running. Whichever of the pair is the better, I cannot conceive that either has a chance of lowering the colours of Bayardo in the Derby, for an examination of the book reveals that both are about a stone behind Mr. Fairie's crack. I learn that Taylor is perfectly satisfied with the progress the son of Bay Ronald is making, and, all going well, I anticipate that Bayardo will give Maher his fourth winning ride in our premier classic.

Two-Year-Olds. Many men who follow racing pretty closely make money by following winning two-year-olds until they are beaten. It sounds a somewhat risky system, but it



SAND-GROUSE SHOOTING AT KHARTOUM: SEEKERS OF SPORT ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE.

The correspondent who sends us this photograph writes: "There is a charming simplicity about this sort of shooting. One has to be up early, of course, but in a hot climate that is no drawback. One has to stand or sit about a hundred yards from the edge of the Nile, and the sand-grouse when they come for their daily morning drink provide the objects to be shot at. The small boys are anxious to be taken as gillies, as they earn a few piastres, and their keen eyesight often picks out birds coming before the European sportsmen can see anything. As the photographs show, dress is not a serious factor for the sportsman as long as his head is protected from the sun."

is surprising to find how often they are on the right track. A friend of mine who used to speculate frequently held that it was one of the best ways of beating the bookmaker he ever tried, and he never

hesitated to take what to me seemed ridiculously short odds about a two-year-old that had won a race on its previous appearance. One or two instances have happened this year. His Majesty's Vain Air won at Liverpool, and backers gladly laid 6 to 4 on the filly when she ran at Derby, in spite of the fact that there were several horses running for the first time. Decidedly won a selling race at Lincoln, and repeated the performance at Liverpool. An equally favourite plan is to note a two-year-old that has run prominently, and follow it the next time out. This, to my way of thinking, is, if anything, a more satisfactory method than the other. At any rate, I have found it work better during the early weeks of the season. Here again we have had illuminating examples this year. Fortitude followed a third at Lincoln by a first at Derby. Dutch Courage won from a record field at Newbury, after a prominent show at Lincoln; and Sundrop won at Derby after running second to Fair Dart at Liverpool.

CAPTAIN COE.



A BAG THAT FILLS A CLOTHES-LINE: AN AFTERNOON'S CATCH IN A MISSOURI RIVER.

Photograph by Richmond.

Captain Coe's "Racing Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

An Exploded Romance.

Every day, in these times of scientific history, one of our illusions is devastated: some poetical idyll is turned into the shabbiest prose. We have only a few famous pairs of lovers in all human history, and now we are actually told, by no less an authority than Professor Ferrero, that Antony and Cleopatra were not lovers at all, but were secretly married, and solely for political reasons. Everybody in turn—from the Cæsars to Napoleon, from Napoleon to Disraeli—have had their eye on Egypt as the key to the Orient. So, it seems, had Mark Antony. He dreamed of making Alexandria the capital of the East, and leaving a mutilated Roman Empire to content itself with Italy and Western Europe. Alexandria, it seems, was then the centre of luxury and the arts, and, compared with Rome, was as modern Paris or London is to Stockholm. Professor Ferrero shows us how, after their first few months' acquaintance, Antony did not set eyes on Cleopatra (who seems, by-the-bye, to have been at that time a rather stout lady with a beaked nose) for three whole years. During this period of absence he conceived the bold idea of marrying Cleopatra, and of announcing the union after the victory of Actium. The gods saw otherwise; Actium was not won by Antony, and the nuptials were not announced. Now the thought of the Serpent of Old Nile and the audacious and susceptible Antony as a commonplace married couple, haggling over politics, is repulsive to the most callous imagination. The Muse of History is quite right in not insisting on absolute truth. A Legend is essential for immortality. We even invent them about our contemporaries. Why, then, disturb these beautiful fictions?—why unravel the exquisite tapestries which, for centuries, patient fingers have woven?

A Girl of the Saurian Epoch.

If Mr. Hubert Henry Davies had the courage to depict a Modern Girl with the same fidelity as he has sketched the Modern Boy, he would have produced, in "Bevis," one of the most amusing plays of the last few years. But, alas! his young heroine at the Haymarket belongs to the Saurian—or at least to the mid-Victorian—epoch. Miss Hopkins, the wealthy brewer's daughter—presumably moving in the best society, or she would not have met the young Lord Bewdley—is the most sentimental of young persons. She kisses photographs and caps belonging to the Boy. She wishes to be loved for herself alone; she is painfully shocked because their mutual relations should dare to discuss "settlements." Now, this kind of young person is, to most of us, quite unknown. She vanished with the advent of the first hockey-stick in girls' schools. The most immature "flapper" is alive to the importance of legal settlements in a marriage. Nor would the Modern Girl, *fine mouche* as she generally is, make a scene when she finds that her fiancé is not immoderately attached to her person. The art of love, as Mr. James Douglas

has recently told us, is "an everlasting strife of insatiable wills, full of defeats and victories, capitulations and besiegings. . . . It is a campaign which ought never to come to an end." Now the modern girl, owing to her trained intelligence, is an adept at such warfare. Miss Hopkins, in 1909, would have relied on other means than an abrupt and abject surrender, which could have no other effect than belittling her in the eyes of the masculine protagonist in the lists of love. The modern girl would know better.

Unchivalrous Scots.

I have received a letter from an anonymous correspondent which shatters almost my last remaining ideal. The other day I paid in the pages of this Journal my little tribute to the courtesy of Englishmen towards women-folk. Up to now, I had looked upon the Scot, especially when standing on his native heather, as a gallant individual, remarkable for his devotion to the Fair. Yet my correspondent declares that in Edinburgh (it is true there is little or no heather in Princes Street) she has never once seen a seat in a tramcar offered by a gentleman to a lady. Moreover, the writer, who seems to be a serious scientific student, asserts that in the "Athens of the North" both professors and men students behave rudely and arrogantly to the girls. In German medical schools, it appears, the women students are treated with the most punctilious courtesy, and are allowed to see and examine everything first. In the dissecting-room, to be sure, the most elementary politeness would insist upon *place aux dames*. This, I believe, is the rule in French medical schools, where, as we know from Colette Yver's remarkable novel, "Princesses de Science," physicians and surgeons of the highest rank grudge their feminine colleagues neither opportunities nor academic honours. Can it be possible that Scotland lags in the race for chivalry?

Please, Not the Germans!

It is amazing indeed, as my irate correspondent reminds me, that England should share with Turkey the ignominy of being the only countries in Europe where women are not fully admitted to the Universities. It is a parlous state of things, but I do not go so far as my anonymous critic, who, in her enthusiasm for German methods, assures me "that nothing better could happen for the women and children of this country than that the Germans should conquer us, as we should then get a protective legislation such as women of other countries enjoy." As far as I know my countrywomen, and especially their attitude towards the employment and wages problem, they are not madly enamoured of "protective legislation," nor would they be content to accept it from the fist which is mailed rather than covered in the white kid-glove of polite society. Rather than this, most patriotic British females would present Mr. Lloyd George with their last five-pound note, after the spirited example of Mr. Maxse.



AN EVENING GOWN IN IBIS-PINK CHARMEUSE SATIN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

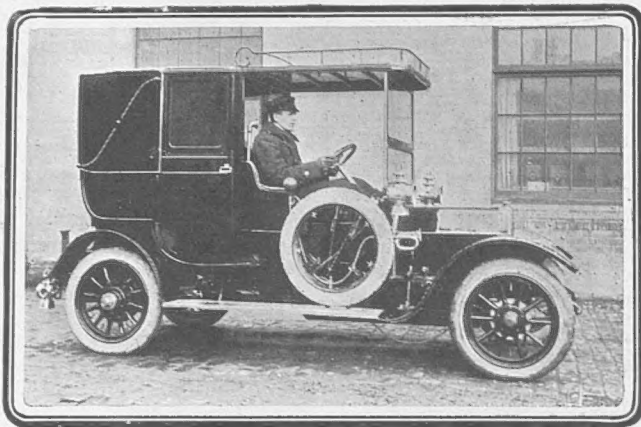
Many Marriages. Easter over, Society's fancy seriously turns to thoughts of wedding-garments. Seldom if ever before has April been fixed upon as the month of so many marriages. In that of Lord Dalmeny to Miss Dorothy Grosvenor, dated for Thursday, special interest centres. His is an interesting individuality, and his father has filled the public eye many times in his life. Lord Rosebery's own wedding was an occasion of intense interest to Londoners. The bride, Miss Hannah de Rothschild—only child and heiress of Baron Meyer de Rothschild, of Mentmore, Bucks—was a great heiress at a time when heiresses and millionairesses were far more rare than now. That marriage took place on March 20, thirty-one years ago. Lord Dalmeny and his fiancée have fine sporting traditions. She is the granddaughter of the first Duke of Westminster, one of England's finest sportsmen, with four Derbys to his credit, while Lord Rosebery has two. A feature of the wedding will be the rare and lovely point d'Alençon lace with which the bride's dress will be veiled; it was made for Marie Antoinette in the zenith of her prosperity. The same day pretty Lady Griffin will be quietly married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in a pale-grey crêpe-de-Chine dress, to Mr. Charles Hoare.

Spring Cleaning. Those words are no longer fraught with the terror that drove men from their happy homes and women to feel that there was "no luck about the house, no luck at a', and little pleasure in the house, with their good men awa'!" A day or two golfing, and the whole thing is done. Modern inventions have tended to this happy result. Sanalene, for instance, is an enamel paint which is easily applied and quickly dries. It is very sanitary, and can be washed down frequently, cleaned, re-cleaned, and polished. It is made in Britain, and gives a surface of perfect smoothness. It is in all the most subtle shades of beautiful colours, while in pure white it is matchless. It is admirable for walls, as well as for woodwork, and effects a most delightful transformation in the home.

Nourishment by Cube. It was only a question of time when we should arrive at the stage of eating and drinking at leisure for pleasure, and sustaining ourselves for working with concentrated nourishment when we don't want to waste time, and don't want to eat a lot of food with no enjoyment. To see how to thrive during working hours on cube nourishment, and to enjoy some good wit as well, write to Messrs. Aplin, Barrett, Ltd., Yeovil, Somerset, for their booklet of unreported utterances on the subject of "Ivelcon." It will be sent free of all charge.

Broderies de Luxe. The vogue for embroidery on dresses has surely reached its zenith. Incidentally, I may mention that the Marchioness Douro's wedding-train, although of tulle, cost little under two hundred pounds. That was because of the raised embroideries of silver knots that bordered it all round. There were literally hundreds of yards of tulle in it, with an upper tissue of it thickly silver-flecked; but it was the embroidery which made the price so high. It was done in Paris, as most fine embroideries are, despite our schools for the art and our undoubtedly fine performances in it. The reason lies in the price, of course; our French neighbours

beat us out of competition there. On every dress for the coming season embroidery plays a conspicuous part. A drawing of an evening gown will be seen on "Woman's Ways" page. It is of ibis-pink charmeuse satin, and the raised embroidery which gives it its cachet is in floss silk of two shades of ibis, mingled with pale and dead gold and copper and oxydised silver. Many of the new materials are brocaded with metal thread, simulating embroidery. Needless to say, this is very expensive. It costs sometimes two guineas a yard. Japanese, Turkish, Chinese, Roumanian, Russian, and other fine work can be utilised for gowns. The fact is, however, that the best effects can only be obtained by work done for the gown especially. This offers an opportunity to girls who have learned the art to exercise it for their own embellishment. Otherwise it is a case of pay, pay, pay!



THE 1923 B.S.A. LANDULETTE WITH DRIVER.

This car is of interest in that it is used by the Directors and staff of the famous B.S.A. Company, for running backwards and forwards into Birmingham, the factory being some distance from that city. The car often makes a dozen or fifteen trips a day.

pearls helps them greatly in this matter. It was a much-esteemed gem in old Egypt long before Cleopatra quaffed her costly draught to Mark Antony.

A New Peeress. Lady Gwydyr, the second wife of Lord Gwydyr, is a tall and handsome lady, very picturesque in style, with beautiful Titian-tinted hair. She was Miss Ord, of Overwhitton, Roxburghshire, and is considerably junior to her husband. The new Lord Gwydyr has no sons; the two boys of his first marriage died unmarried. His only surviving child is the Hon. Mrs. John Henniker-Heaton, daughter-in-law of the Member for Canterbury.

WEEK-END MOTOR TRIPS TO THE SEASIDE.

Week-enders will doubtless hail with delight the new form of holiday devised by Messrs. Spiers and Pond, Ltd., the proprietors of the well-known Empire hotels. They have combined the pleasure of exhilarating rides on a splendid motor-touring car through some of the most delightful scenery in England, with a week-end at their popular Granville Hotel, Ramsgate, for which they charge the very modest sum of £2 2s. This service will be run throughout the summer months, commencing on Saturday, April 17, the cars starting from Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W. (right opposite Gloucester Road Tube, Metropolitan, and District Stations), at 1.30 p.m. A call will be made at their South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.; the Criterion Restaurant, Piccadilly Circus; and the Holborn Viaduct Hotel, for visitors to whom these establishments may be more convenient than Bailey's Hotel, and the cars will then proceed to Ramsgate. The return journey will not of necessity be by the same route, as a number of equally delightful alternative routes can be taken, both on the outward and homeward journeys.



HOTEL MOTORS FOR WEEK-ENDS: CARS LEAVING THE GRANVILLE HOTEL, RAMSGATE, ON THE RETURN JOURNEY.

Messrs. Spiers and Pond, proprietors of the well-known Empire Hotels, have devised a new and attractive form of week-end holiday. They will convey visitors from London to Ramsgate by motor, through the lovely Kentish scenery, for a week-end stay at their Granville Hotel, at the modest inclusive charge of £2 2s. These trips promise to be very popular, and the scheme will probably be extended to their other hotels, and for longer periods.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on April 27.

THE HOLIDAYS.

THE Stock Exchange begins the Easter Holiday in a cheerful frame of mind; money is cheap and going to be cheaper, and already the effect is making itself sensibly felt. As we anticipated, the probability of the Railways Working Arrangement Bill—for it is nothing more—passing has given a flip to the whole market; but we are not out of the wood yet, especially in this Parliament of cranks, so that those who see a reasonable profit on their bargaining may well take it and go in again on the next favourable occasion.

Now that the Near Eastern complication is out of the way, foreign politics have not for years seemed so unlikely to disturb the Stock markets, and if Mr. Lloyd George's Budget does not make taxation more oppressive than everybody anticipates, we may look forward to an all-round improvement during the summer, while a General Election might inaugurate a boom.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Business better?" asked The Engineer cheerily.

"I've seen it worse," replied The Jobber, with caution.

"And better," added The Broker.

The others laughed at the two House men.

"Grin away," The Jobber advised them. "You grin, and we bear it."

"Bear what? Americans?"

The Broker slightly shivered, as though the window had come down with a run.

"I have a client who sold a hundred Unions at 160," he explained, "and a hundred more on each rise of 5 points. It's wicked," and he groaned.

"Can't go on," surmised The Engineer.

"You want a long purse to see it out, though," and The Broker shook his head mournfully.

"Of course, it's not justified," suggested, rather than stated, The Banker.

The Broker laughed: a hollow laugh it was.

"There will be a most unrighteous smash when it comes," said The City Editor, shaking his head.

"Wrong again!" declared The Jobber. "Unrighteous? Why, it will be the righteousest slump since the one that knocked the bottom out of the Globe."

"If you've got pots and pots and thrice-time pots of money, go a bear of Yankees. If you haven't—well, let 'em alone."

"It looks a frightfully strong market, for all its little twopenny-ha'penny reactions," said The Engineer.

The Merchant chuckled. "Shall I tell you a story?" he asked. "It's quite true."

(Now, The Merchant knows all the Stock Exchange ropes to a T. It is necessary to explain this.)

"Once upon a time last month," he began, "a certain firm of jobbers rang up a certain firm of Mincing Lane people—"

"Committee! Committee!" cried The Jobber.

"I know, but let that pass. The jobbers asked their Mincing Lane friends if they were dealers in, say, Orang-Outang Rubber, the price being 1½-2."

"Yes," said the Mincing Lane people. "We're dealers. What do you want to do?"

"We are sellers at anything over 1½," said the jobbers.

"Oh, our market is much stronger than yours," said the Mincing Laneites. "We are sellers at 2. Good-bye."

The Carriage exploded with mirth. The Jobber clasped himself tightly round the waist and rocked with delight. Even The City Editor laughed.

"That just shows you," said The Broker.

"M!" agreed The Merchant. "Shows you that a 'call-over' is not quite the same thing as a market, doesn't it?"

"Negotiators, they are," said The Broker. "They don't know what jobbing means. They negotiate, that's all."

"Does that mean to say that a buyer or a seller can never get such good terms in Mincing Lane as in the Stock Exchange?" inquired The Banker.

"I should be chary of using the word 'never,'" replied The Broker. "At an auction you sometimes deal at greater advantage, in isolated cases, than you would in the open market. But the bulk of the business will come where there's a market, and that's the Stock Exchange."

"In everything?"

"From Consols to postage-stamps; from rubber shares to eggs; from—"

"Don't exaggerate," The Broker rebuked his House friend.

"There's a big market in eggs and stamps," The Jobber remonstrated. "And when I was a boy—"

"Quite so. You used to deal in thousands of shares in the checking-room, and settle differences in pennies instead of pounds."

"I made a lot of money once," mused The Jobber. "I bought a big bull of Apes, and the shares rose two dollars on the same day. I cleared sixteen and eightpence out of that deal. Ah!"

His sigh of regretful reminiscence was pathetic, and, choking

down a sob, The Engineer asked what were the prospects for business after Easter.

"Cheap money is absolutely bound to tell. Don't you think so?" and The Broker appealed to The Banker.

The old gentleman agreed—even went so far as to commit himself to the expression of an opinion that Home Railway stocks might increase in capital value, in the absence of unlooked-for developments.

"More bolts from the blue?" asked The Jobber gloomily.

The Banker smiled, and replied that he had no particular bolt in his mind's eye at that moment.

"Prices have been rather rushed up," The Engineer reminded them. "Home Rails have had a very decent rise since last contango day."

"But the real cheapness and abundance of money have only just become apparent," urged The Broker; "and, so far as one can see, we shall have money cheaper still."

"Then Home Railway stocks ought to be bought," laid down The Engineer.

"There's a House tip going round to buy Mexican Seconds; they're talked ten points higher," remarked The Jobber.

The Broker said he would rather buy Mexican North-West Transportation Fives at about 84. "There's scope for a rise there," he intimated.

"What were they issued at?" asked The City Editor.

"At 90. But, naturally, they are very speculative."

"I made a pony out of Boksburghs the other day," The Engineer laughed. "Got the tip from The —"

An express rattled noisily past.

"I should like to know that wretch," said The Jobber.

"I didn't say I got the tip from *The Wretch*," responded The Engineer, laughing again.

It is not surprising that there should have been a considerable advance in the price of *Pataling Rubber* shares, as a result of the statements made at the annual meeting on the 31st ult., and unless I am much mistaken these shares will score a further advance in the near future. A total dividend of 45 per cent. was paid for 1908, and this dividend was earned from the sale of 80,922 lb. of rubber at an average price of 4s. 3½d. The official estimate of the production this year is 100,000 lb., but I have good reasons for believing that this estimate will be largely exceeded, and, if anything like the present price of rubber should be maintained during the remainder of the year, the total dividend for the current year should be in the neighbourhood of 100 per cent. It is intended to split the shares immediately into ten shares of the nominal value of 2s. each, and these shares are likely to be quoted at 20s. before long. The total area now planted is approximately 1528 acres, and the following figures will give a rough idea of the rate at which production may be expected to increase—

Acreage in full or partial bearing,	1908,	419 acres.	Production, 80,922 lb.
" "	1909,	618 "	" "
" "	1910,	888 "	" "
" "	1911,	1286 "	" "

The issued capital of this Company is only £22,500. When the whole acreage now planted is in full bearing—say, in 1912 or 1913—the annual production of rubber should be over 450,000 lb., and a profit of only 1s. per lb. (say, a price of 2s. 3d. for fine hard Para) would enable the Company to maintain its dividend at 100 per cent. It is, of course, very improbable that the price of rubber should fall to so low a figure, for reasons which have been explained in former articles.

After the rapid rise in quotations which has occurred in Rubber shares during the last few weeks discrimination is very necessary in making purchases. I think, however, that the following shares, in addition to *Patalings*, may still be bought, and held for the dividends they will pay: *Bukit Rajah*, which are likely to go to £8, and should pay 75 per cent. for the year ending March 1910; *Linggi*, which looks like being the largest producer for 1909, and whose shares bid fair to go to 20s.; *Selungors*, and *London Asiatics*.

Thursday, April 8, 1909.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month. Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

FUTURE.—The Omnibus stock at present price cannot hurt you much, but the conditions existing must change greatly before there is any considerable improvement.

MISGUIDED.—Very little is known of the Steamship Company here, and there is a very poor market. We can give no advice worth having.

SPINSTER.—The 10 per cent. Second Preference shares of the Anglo-Argentine Trams at 9, or *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. Preference shares at 3 should suit you. For the first, see "Q's" note in our last issue.

A. G.—We believe the firm to be quite respectable, and the best of the outside dealers.

EMPIRE.—We do not recommend French Rentes. As to trying to deal in American Rails in New York, you will get very little advantage by so doing.

J. R. (Upper Norwood).—Your letter has never reached us. Write again, and we will give you the best answer we can. The cheapest Trust stock we know is International Trust 4½ per cent. Cumulative Preference at about 91, or, if you can get it, Indian and General 5 per cent. Preference at 99.

C. B. Your letter was answered on the 7th inst.

NOTE.—In consequence of being obliged again to go to press early this week, we must once more ask the indulgence of correspondents who fail to get answers in this Issue.

RACING TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The following should go close at Newmarket: Visitors' Plate, Sunrise; Crawford Plate, My Pet II.; Fitzwilliam Stakes, Neil Gow; Babraham Plate, Marlow; Column Produce Stakes, Diamond Stud; Granby Plate, Vain Air; Craven Stakes, Duke Michael; Three-Year-Old Handicap, Leghorn; Flying Handicap, Baronne. At Alexandra Park these should go close: County Handicap, Master Hopson; Alexander Handicap, Orquil; April Stakes, Vale; Middlesex Plate, Dafila; Two-Year-Old Plate, Valediction. At Epsom, on Tuesday, I like Glacis for the Great Metropolitan, Sir Toby may win the Prince of Wales's Stakes, and Stepney the Tattenham Plate.

THE MAN ON THE CAR.

(Continued.)

Police-Traps and the Industry.

When will the great body of workers, whose want of employment to-day forms one of the most pressing problems of the hour, recognise that at this moment thousands upon thousands of skilled and unskilled hands would be earning good money but for the police persecution to which motorists are subjected daily all up and down the country? The volume of the automobile industry would be doubled to-day in this country but for this open persecution, to which no other form of traffic has ever been subjected.

A New Light Mercédès.

Until the present year the Daimler Motoren Gesellschaft (German for the company which produces the world-famous Mercédès cars) have refrained from including a low or medium powered chassis amongst their various types. Feeling that public fancy or desire is now trending towards lower powers, the German makers, through their wholesale agents, Milnes-Daimler, Ltd., of 221, Tottenham Court Road, will very shortly put a 15-20-h.p. Mercédès upon the British market. Now there is a veritable Mercédès cult in this country, whose devotees are looking anxiously forward to the advent of this new model.

No-Glare Headlights.

It has been suggested in the columns of the technical press that motor-car headlights of the no-glare description do not afford sufficient road-illumination for night driving. Whoever is responsible for this assertion can have no experience with the Bleriot lamps, which have their lenses so treated that while an ample shaft of light is projected forward for all reasonable night speed, the approaching passenger or driver is not only not blinded but can see clearly past the oncoming car. Both on the Continent and in this country Bleriot lamps enjoy a reputation second to none for reliability and penetration, and as these qualities are supplemented by the no-glare quality, they are exempt from the above-mentioned criticism.

Common-Sense and the L.G.B.

Motorists have every reason to be thankful to the Local Government Board for the considerate and common-sense manner in which the Department approaches and handles motor matters. But for the broad view which the Department has taken of the traffic revolution on our roads, the country to-day would bristle with speed-limits, even so low as five miles per hour where fifty would be compara-

tively safe. Only a few days ago, at the suggestion of the Local Government Board, the Hertfordshire Automobile Club arranged a conference between the representatives of the Motor Union and the Hertfordshire local authorities, and, as a result, arrangements were made quite satisfactory to both sides at the various points concerned. In one case, at Hertingfordbury, the Union, not deeming a speed-limit necessary, offered to supply a warning-board. The offer was accepted, and the application for the speed-limit at that point dropped. It is earnestly to be hoped that similar conferences might so amicably obtain all over the country.

No Interest with Clean Dashboards.

I cannot say I am in sympathy with the man who clamours for a clean dashboard, and girds at the presence of sight oil-feeds, pressure-gauges, speed-indicators, clocks, barometers, revolution-counters, etc. To my mind such a man would prefer the contemplation of a blank brick wall from his drawing-room window rather than the most pleasing view. Such a man always leaves the driving to his hired man, and is quite insensible to the thrill of perfectly controlled life and power which comes to the real motorist when seated at the wheel. The keen man with bowels of human compassion for machinery derives the greatest satisfaction from the story of work well doing and done which is revealed to him by his various tell-tales as he speeds along. A reliable speed-indicator, distance-recorder, revolution-counter, and aneroid barometer, afford most interesting news, while volt-meters and pressure-gauges give valuable information.

Prosecution Begins at Home!

The late action of the Notts Automobile Club should go some way towards convincing the public that the Royal Automobile Club and its associated bodies are genuine in their determination to put down inconsiderate driving. The Notts club were sufficiently true to their own avowed intentions as lately to prosecute one of their own members, with the result that the wrongdoer was fined £3 and costs. This is the first action to be taken in the matter of inconsiderate driving, but much good work has been and is being done by the despatch by clubs of warning letters to car-owners. In very many cases the inconsiderate driving is on the part of paid drivers, who are driving their cars light, or who have taken French leave to borrow their master's vehicles for a spin with their friends. In any suspected case of this kind motorists, or any member of the general public for the matter of that, would be doing yeoman service if they would communicate the facts and the number of the car to the automobile club of the district, or the R.A.C., at headquarters, 119, Piccadilly.

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